THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 40. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SHIP BUILDING.

Miss Banim, in Dealing With the Industries of Belfast Glances at the Gigantic Shipyards of the Irish Chicago.

Historic Spots in and Around the Ulster Metropolis.

DUNMURRY.

In the pretty village of Dunmurry, in a most picturesque old mill, we saw a colony of country workers connected with the Rope street factory, which thus gives employment in many isolated places in Donegal, Antrim, Down, and Fermanagh, to numbers of young girls who work in companies and at home in their houses. It seemed to me a great boon to these girls to get work here in this fresh country air and near their parents. Very quiet and respectable girls they appeared. In the city mills, owing to the noise of the machinery, it is difficult to speak with the operatives, although they themselves become so accustomed to the clatter that they can converse easily together. I had frequently wondered what manner of child it can be that begins the struggle of life so early as do the little "half-timers" I saw busy in most of the works. Here there was no noise, and I could talk to the operatives as I pleased. Everywhere I found the girls are, like most of their people, much more reserved, more difficult of approach than are our southern and western people; they are not rude—they answer readily—and frequently I found the northern barrier, of a something like distrust, melting away after a while, but the children I found to be children, even though already bread winners. One little child had just entered, and was evidently very eager to prove herself on the safe side of the Factory Act, but she would like a doll, for all that. Her work was light enough—merely to snip off any uneven ends there might be to collars and cuffs, and for this she had 3 shillings a week, out of which her mother allowed her threepence for sweets; another child beside her had a whole sixpence out of her earnings for the same purpose, and some other like confidences were calculated to lighten one's heart about the little ones, at least about such as are thus employed in the country districts; but then, compared with the thousands of city toilers, they are so few who can work in the picturesque, airy old mill, and stroll home through the lovely green lanes of Dunmurry, where hedgerows, luxuriant trees and flowers, and every

SWEET COUNTRY SIGHT

and sound are on every hand to keep hearts pure and fresh. It is a good idea, even if it adds, as it must, to the manager's labor—that of distributing such work, and, from speaking on the subject since visiting the north, I have learned that there are hundreds of our southern girls who would be only too thankful if in their village homes they could be instructed by the nuns and get such employment.

Turn where one will in our little manufacturing capital, there is some industry well represented, so that, at least in the eyes of a native, who may be pardoned for partiality, the city as a manufacturing town, is what our country is as a country—small, perhaps, but very perfect. There is one business which, from modest beginnings, has grown to be of very great importance indeed. This is the shipbuilding, which was started in 1854. Four years later Messrs. Harland & Wolff took over the yards and, from what one might call a boat building concern, have by energy and talent developed a business of which some idea may be gained from the facts that where thirty two years ago only 100 men were employed in the entire ship-building trade of Belfast, there are today 5,400 operatives engaged in the three concerns of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, Messrs. Workman, Clarke & Co., and Messrs. McIlwaine & Lewis. The immense works of Messrs. Harland & Wolff cover some forty acres, which include Queen's Island ship yard and the engine works at the Abercorn Basin. With this firm 4,000 men find employment, about £8,000 a week being paid out in wages, and here, within the last few years, the largest sailing and steam vessels in the world have been built. The ships that have been turned out by this firm include all those of the White Star Line, also vessels for the Peninsular & Oriental Company, the West Indian & Pacific Company, the British Shipowners' Company, and, in fact, the

BELFAST-BUILT SHIPS

sail every sea. In the short time permitted for a visit—for no ladies are allowed to enter the concern except while the men are at dinner—it is only possible to get a cursory view of the works, every part of which is on such a vast scale that it is difficult in a short time to carry away a correct idea even of the extent and magnitude of the works at one quarter of which it has been barely possible to glance. But for those who, understanding something of the wonders of shipbuilding, can see Messrs. Harland & Wolff's concerns, the visit must be the most interesting in Belfast. Even on one ignorant of all techical knowledge a fancy grows and increases each moment—to stay on and on and watch the growth of some great skeleton, like that of a mammoth antediluvian water bird, that will slowly have its ribs covered, its wonderful internal structure fitted in piecemeal, its whole form gradually completed and perfected; and then at last to see life put into the huge body and to watch it launched, a great, moving, living creature, the admiration and pride (and little wonder) of the thousands of men around, who have, every one, lent a hand to the formation of their "majestic" ship. I should certainly like to witness a launch at Messrs. Harland & Wolff's, that I might see and hear of the admiration of the shipbuilders, for the work of their hands does not equal the affection sailors are said to gain for their ship when she has carried them some time through storm and sunshine.

Because in everything we see in and around it, Belfast is so essentially a city of the present and of the future, I have not gone into any detail of old story, although the town stands upon ground that has as sad and painful an Irish history as any there is in our land. But now, save in the old names preserved in certain places, there is scarcely a trace of by-gone times; many names and just

A FEW LANDMARKS REMAIN.

Of the former, Castle place is now right in the centre of the town, and is the starting point for its well organized modern tram service. This was the site of the old Norman Castle erected somewhere about 1178 by John de Courcy. This castle had for centuries the fate of most such places in Ireland. Now in Norman hands, again in possession of the great Irish chieftains of the north; captured by the English, destroyed, rebuilt, changing hands as fortune favored Irish or English, until finally destroyed by an accidental fire in 1708, since which time it has never been rebuilt, nor does a stone remain to mark the spot that was once the fortress of ancient Beal-a Farshad.

A short drive from the city, out by the Malone road, where we pass the beautiful buildings of the Queen's college and the Methodist college, is a very remarkable specimen of one of the ancient Irish cromlechs. It is called the Giant's Ring—"The Giant's Ring, in the parish of Ballynahatty, a townland of the civil parish of Drumbo, is one of the most extraordinary of our ancient Irish monuments. It consists of a circular space, about 380 feet in diameter, or nearly one third of an Irish mile in circumference, enclosed by an earthen mound, eighty feet broad at the base, and so high as to hide, from a person standing within the circle, the entire country, except the tops of the distant mountains; though it is probable that the height of the encircling bank must have been considerably lessened by subsidation, during so many centuries." (Rev. J. O'Laverty, "History of Down and Connor.") In a field near "The Giant's Ring," and adjoining the north side of the great embankment, a sepulchral chamber was discovered. It contained two small compartments on the south side, in which were four urns of burnt clay filled with charred bones; three similar compartments on the north side and many other funereal remains were discovered in the ground. Of the cromlech, the Rev. J. O'Laverty, in his

"HISTORY OF THE COUNTY DOWN,"

says: "Neither history nor tradition can inform us for what use that great circular enclosure, of more than two acres, with its undoubted cromlech, was erected. It would seem, however, that the cromlech, which is now universally admitted to have been a funereal monument, must have belonged to a people more ancient than those who used the great funereal mounds."

An outer wall was built some years ago around the embankment, so that this curious monument is preserved from depredations. There is, of course, a popular legend as to the origin of this Giant's Ring. The giant—he who built the Causeway—quarrelled with his wife one day, divorced her on the spot, and took the wedding ring off her finger. Fearing that if he threw it into the sea, the sea would refuse to hide it and the waves would bring it back, "he flung it inland with all his force, and it fell in the ancient parish of Drumbo. Thereupon he sent the sappers and miners of his army to cover it deeply with earth and there it remains to the present day. As a curse is to rest upon the finder of the ring no man has ever ventured to exhume it and strangers are earnestly advised if they value their welfare not to meddle in any way with the charmed circle."

The altar was subsequently erected by the giant to appease the gods for having committed the sin of divorce.

Not very far from the classic Sandy row, just a short walk beyond the Botanic Gardens, is yet another old landmark, young in comparison with that just described, yet so ancient a place that there is no record of its early history. This is the old churchyard of Friar's Bush, around wich cling many memories for the Catholics of Belfast.

There is a tradition that St. Patrick built a church and blessed a well on this spot; the place was anciently known as Gilpatrick, or Kilpatrick, and there is little doubt that an order of Friars was established here, but to what order they belonged is not known.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

The many remarkable cures of catarrh effected by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is conclusive proof that this loathsome and dangerous disease is one of the blood, only needing such a searching and powerful alterative to thoroughly eradicate it.

MORLEY'S ANGER.

After His Rough Experience With the Peelers in Tipperary, the ex-Chief Secretary Tells an English Audience Some Wholesome Truths.

It Is No Wonder, He Says, Considering Their Treatment, That the Irish Hate England.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—Mr. John Morley spoke at St. Helens tonight to a large audience. He gave a graphic account of his experiences during his recent tour of Ireland, referring particularly to the condition of affairs in Tipperary and to the scenes in which he himself took a personal part. The speaker began by asking the coercionists of St. Helens and of the whole country whether the state of Ireland was what they had bargained for when they voted for the present government. Then he went on to give instances illustrating the arbitrary and tyrannical methods of the Irish authorities. He said that a week ago John Dillon went to address his constituents in East Mayo. Upon arriving at the town where the first meeting was to be held Mr. Dillon found the platform of the station

SURROUNDED BY POLICE AND MILITARY,

and he was told by a Unionist magistrate that if he used illegal language it would be the magistrate's duty to disperse the meeting. Now, in the first place, this simply meant that the divisional magistrate would be the judge as to whether Dillon's language was legal or illegal; and, in the second place, what appeared to be almost incredible, it meant that if Dillon used language that the magistrate considered illegal it was the magistrate's duty to disperse the meeting with baton and rifle. After over four years of resolute government could not an Irish member of parliament be trusted to address his constituents without the adoption of such measures? Suppose that at the meeting he (Morley) had said something which the chief constable of the district chose to think illegal. Was the constable, instead of arresting the speaker, to baton and shoot the audience?

MANY UNIONIST ORATORS

had prepared addresses for the autumn campaign, the chorus of which was that bank deposits and railway returns in Ireland were unprecedented; that the National League was a thing of the past; that the Nationalists were cowed and beaten; and that the Irish movement had blown over, as Irish movements had blown over before. The Tipperary prosecutions, however, had cruelly blighted the hopes of the Unionists and given the lie to their rose-colored pictures. The proceedings of the last fortnight in Tipperary would have the inevitable effect of rallying every Nationalist, lay and clerical, and of once more closing the Nationalist ranks. It was no wonder that the coercion party had been thrown into a state of consternation. It would be claimed that this was not a question of policy, but a question of the law being broken, and that it was the duty of the government to strike at the law-breakers. But this excuse would not do, because by the government's own showing these illegalities began as far back as January last.

THE TROUBLE AT TIPPERARY.

Turning to the problem of the congested districts, the speaker said it opened up questions of the gravest complexity, and he would welcome an attempt to settle these questions apart from all party considerations. But what, he asked, was the use of appealing to ministers who were capable of the acts of criminal folly now being perpetrated? Neither could Parnell nor the speaker help to solve the problem with men who were so infatuated. He (Morley) had been criticised for going to Ireland. That seemed to be a dog in the manger policy. Mr. Balfour would neither go to Ireland himself nor let any one else go. He (Morley) went to Tipperary because he felt that the proceedings there marked the turning point in the great battle, and because he felt that the government was going to drive a good strong nail into its own coffin, and he wanted to see the first blow of the hammer. When he arrived at Tipperary with his political friends he walked peaceably to the cross road without having any fear of disorder, when suddenly he was hustled, pushed, and menaced by constables in a state of great fury. The gathering people were very few in number and no kind of obstruction was offered, the nearest approach to a riot being a shrill Tipperary cheer raised on his account. He

NEVER SAW SUCH AN ACT OF FOLLY

as the attitude of the authorities. The two members of the house of commons under arrest were in charge of a squad of constables, who had the right of guarding the prisoners from rescue; but throughout the day the government officers put the constables in an attitude that was calculated to provoke a breach of the peace.

Col. Caddell stated in the court room that this was one of the most disorderly gatherings he had ever witnessed. Three or four English ladies who occupied front seats in the court room laughed at the absurdity of Caddell's statement, and soon after this the colonel withdrew his men. These proceedings would have been ridiculous if they had not been so dangerous. But they were nothing to what followed. The court house was in a small enclosure provided with strong gates. It had been asserted that he and his companions were followed to this entrance at noon by an immense multitude. This he absolutely denied. He believed that at no time did the armed men defending the court house number less than three to one against the civilians. It was as insignificant and as harmless a crowd as he ever saw in his life. Mr. Dillon, the speaker, Mr. Harrison, M. P., and others were admitted at the gates, but the police refused admission to the townsmen. He next saw a townsmen, a solicitor, flung violently from the gates and assaulted. Mr. O'Brien went out and protested against the exclusion of the public.

POLICE USE THEIR CLUBS.

Messrs. Dillon and Harrison joined Mr. O'Brien and their voices grew loud. With or without orders the police drew their batons, without a shadow of provocation, and blood began to flow freely. He saw no stones thrown. He would undertake to say that a couple of English constables would have done everything necessary to guard access to the court. Mr. Harrison went out to the constable and expostulated, but the only reply was an attempt to strike him on the head while he was trying to approach a constable who was batoning the people's heads. Another officer then batoned Mr. Harrison on the head, after which Mr. Harrison, his head dripping with blood, was admitted at the gate. He (Morley) saw a constable strike Reporter Keating a murderous blow on the mouth, knocking him off the wall on which he was sitting and causing blood to flow freely. Outside the gates there was another scene of violence, the police using their batons ferociously upon the heads and bodies of the defenseless townsmen, several of whom were brought inside the gates dripping with blood. He (Morley) went to Col. Caddell and told him that he ought to open the gates and admit the people.

THEN HE WENT INTO THE COURT ROOM,

but found nobody there except the two resident magistrates and a few reporters. After the gates had been opened and everybody who wished to enter had been admitted the court room was not filled, while the "tumultuous" throng of which Col. Caddell had spoken was as quiet and as orderly as in a church. These facts proved that the original closing of the gates was unnecessary; that the statement that it was necessary to reserve for witnesses the space usually allotted to spectators was a mere pretext and afterthought; and that the rioting was wholly on one side. If Col. Caddell had acted in the first place as he afterwards acted in deference to his (Morley's) wishes there would not have been a little of disorder. The whole thing was a clumsy blunder. But to commit a blunder when dealing with unarmed men was a crime. If Mr. Balfour produced in the house of commons what has been published as the official version of the affair he (Morley) would riddle it to pieces in ten minutes. The report to hand was a deplorable, lawless and cowardly outrage. Mr. Balfour was responsible for these scenes. [illegible] Mr. Balfour had defended every act of the executive, through thick and thin, right or wrong, from the odious and wicked slaughter at Mitchelstown onward. Mr. Balfour had always refused to institute an effective public inquiry. He had always denied the truth of charges made against the police. He had always refused to believe the word of an Irish member of parliament, and thus the Irish people had been left wholly at the mercy of the authorities, without any supervision, without help, and without hope. No wonder the Irish people did not respect the law. No wonder they hated a government which inspired such an abuse of executive force.

OBITUARY.

MISS MAMIE VERONICA LONDREGAN.

On Sept 21 Miss Mamie V. Londregan died at the residence of her mother, No. 37 Newberry avenue, in the 15th year of her age. Miss Londregan was ill only for three days, and her premature death has stricken her estimable mother and brothers and sisters with grief. Mamie was of a very amiable and good-natured disposition, and for one so young showed signs of possessing in a remarkable degree strong character, marked piety, great wisdom and mental endowment. There never lived a better or more lovable child, and her sorrowing mother is comforted by the thought that her grief is shared by a numerous circle of relatives and friends. Deceased was the second daughter of the late Mr. Edward Londregan, a very popular member of the city detective force. He was one of the earliest subscribers for THE CITIZEN—which paper his family still take—and he was an ardent adherent and enthusiastic friend of it's chief editor. Patriotism was naturally inherited by Mamie, and although never in Ireland, she could sing the songs of Ireland and loved to converse about the literature and traditions of the dear and fair land of her father and mother. It was considered a singular coincidence that Mamie died on the third anniversary of the death of her father—the annual memorial mass being celebrated at the Jesuit church for him on the same day that high mass was celebrated there for the repose of Mamie's soul. Father Murphy preached an impressive funeral sermon, commending the virtues of the deceased and commenting on the lesson to be learned from her death she who, as he declared, was a few days ago a picture of health and strength. The remains were placed in a vault at Calvary cemetery, being accompanied there by a very large number of relatives and friends. May her soul enjoy eternal peace and happiness. J.W.M.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"HARPER'S" SOPHISTRY

Thoroughly Exposed by a Liberal American Editor Who Defends the Irish-Element in the United States.

Some Facts that Knownothings, and Bluebellies in General, Should Make Themselves Acquainted With.

In an article in the current number of *Harper's Weekly* on what the editor considers the undue influence of the Irish-Americans, several suggestions made in explanation of that influence are discussed, and then the editor offers this explanation:

"The explanation of the Irish mystery, to apply Disraeli's phrase to another race, it seems to us, lies mainly in the coincidence of the beginning of the great immigration with the establishment of universal suffrage. It was seventy years ago that New York, against the counsel of James Kent and a great body of her most respected citizens, adopted practically universal suffrage. A little later the flood of immigration began to pour in, and the host of new voters became a prize of party contention. The rest followed. The tone of public political speech was naturally one of flattery and adulation for the Irish. The bribery of place was soon brought into play. Politics was a better trade than productive industry. The new-comers clung to the cities, and as the patronage of government increased, and the party machinery which sprung from it became more extended and highly organized, the Irish were largely the beneficiaries. This political servility to the Irish voters is shown most conspicuously in the fact that although the dominant force in determining the American national character, and in giving the impulse to the national life, is English, that the great political traditions and forms and usages of the country are English, and that except for this English race dominance America would not have been America, yet the common tone of American politics is hostile defiance of England and obsequiousness to Ireland."

Nothing could be more detrimental to Irish influence in politics or in anything else than the circumstances attending the immigration to which our esteemed contemporary refers. Seventy years ago the immigration was moderate and it only grew very heavy something less than fifty years ago.

The greatest rush of the Irish to this country came with the so-called famine years; and the immigrants arrived by thousands in poverty and distress. They came from a country where agriculture was the main industry and they were without capital and without mechanical skill. They represented a conquered people and were members of a creed which Americans hated. Everything was against them; and to say that the circumstances of their coming were in their favor is to reverse all the conclusions of common sense. The policy which drove them from their native country, moreover, had taken pains to blacken their character; and it followed them with slander to their new home. The plain fact is that they and their descendants have had to struggle against every conceivable odds in the battle of life until within the last ten or twenty years. Not one of them but can say as Edmund Burke said in his day: "Nitor in adversum is the motto for a man like me." So far as we know, no policy of flattering the Irish in public or in private ever prevailed; and until recently they have not received even courteous treatment at the hands of the press. The files of *Harper's Weekly* will show better than anything else the style in which the Irish have been flattered.

The editor of *Harper's Weekly* in saying that American opinion is shaped by servility to Irish prejudice, may imagine that he is attacking the Irish, but, as is really slandering American character. In the old issue between England and Ireland American opinion goes with the latter; but not on the base motive suggested by our contemporary. So far as the parties to the quarrel are concerned American sympathies would probably favor England; but Americans cannot judge of a quarrel altogether from the parties to it. They must consider its merits. And when they throw their sympathies with Ireland they simply do so out of loyalty to the principles of general justice and benevolence. The American who would refuse his countenance to the oppressed and deny himself to an appeal for self government and the equal administration of the law would be a renegade to American tradition and American ideas. The editor of *Harper's Weekly* should not suppose because he forgets the principles of justice and humanity where England and Ireland are concerned, that everybody else forgets them. In a plain issue between right and wrong it is possible for a man to choose the right without any feeling of servility to the Irish vote.

Is there any undue Irish-American influence in politics? We doubt it. The text taken by the editor of *Harper's Weekly* is a speech made by Erastus Wiman, in which that worthy, urging the Sons of St. George to enter American politics in the interests of England, declared that this country is ruled by Irish influence. Under the circumstances the statement should not be taken any more seriously than if it came from Goldwin Smith. It is of a piece with the assertions made by the Tories here and adopted by politicians in England during the revolutionary war, that the Irish emigrants were at the bottom of the whole trouble, and that more than half the soldiers in the American army were Irish. The same story was repeated in regard to the war of 1812, which Hilliard gravely asserts was hurried on by the rancor of Irish refugees.

If any Irish-Americans have achieved prominence in politics why should there be any disposition to regard the fact as something so strange and abnormal that it is necessary to go round Robin Hood's barn looking for an explanation? None of them, of the first generation at least, have gone so high in the politics of the republic as Anglo Irishmen have gone in the politics of the British empire. There are no Irishmen who achieved such political success in America as Wellington, Palmerston, and Dufferin, for instance, achieved in Great Britain.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Father Holden, of Baltimore, is visiting the Rev. Father Murray, pastor of St. Bernard's church.

The Redemptorist Fathers will begin a mission next Sunday in St. Columbkill's church, at Indiana and Paulina streets.

The Rev. Chancellor Muldoon, of this arch diocese, returned last Saturday from a brief visit with friends in the New England states.

The fair in progress for the benefit of the Sacred Heart church is meeting with good success. The Foresters attended the festivities Monday evening en masse

Archbishop Feehan on last Wednesday dedicated the "Josephinum," the new school built by the Sisters of Christian Charity at Oakley avenue and Thompson street. The archbishop, attended by the clergy present, made the rounds of the building, sprinkling with holy water and blessing each apartment. High mas was celebrated by the Rev. C. Nagel, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., the Rev. Fathers Groenebaum and Peter Christ acting as deacon and subdeacon respectively. A sermon was delivered in German by the Rev. A. J. Thiele, of St. Aloysius church.

The golden jubilee of the Rev. Father Teheiders, S. J., will be celebrated in the Sacred Heart church, Nineteenth and Halsted streets, on the 4th inst., with solemn and impressive ceremonies. There will be a solemn high mass at 9 o'clock, with the venerable father as celebrant and Fathers Boudreaux and O'Neil as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Father Walter H. Hill, S. J. The music will be given by prominent singers from the [illegible] church choirs in the city, and will be in charge of Professor Mutter, of the Holy Family, and Professor Shannessy, of St. Pius' church. The program will include Hayda's Imperial mass, with orchestra, and at the offertory "Alma Virgo." There will be a reception to the venerable father next Sunday afternoon by the married ladies' sodalities of the Sacred Heart and Holy Family parishes.

About 5,000 people witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the Church of Our Lay of Sorrows at West Jackson street and Albany avenue last Sunday. As soon as the procession of Catholic Order of Foresters arrived the ceremony began. In the line of the procession, which was marshaled by P. J. Cahill, assisted by Aides Peter Doyle, Leo Dwyer, Charles Lutz, Thomas Trumbull and Joseph Baumbalio, were Holy Name Court No. 1, Columbia No. 2, St. Pius No. 4, St. Joseph No. 8, Marquette No. 13, Western Reserve No. 19, St. Aloysius No. 27, Annunciation No. 28, Blessed Virgin No. 38, St. Leo No. 47, St. Charles Borromeo No. 59, St. Rosa Lima No. 70, and a detachment of St. Patrick's Court.

At 4 o'clock Archbishop Feehan, in the robes of his office, attended by the Rev. Father E. J. Dunne of All Saints' church as deacon and the Rev. Father P.T. Butler of the church of the Nativity as sub deacon, proceeded from the old church, leading a long line of priests and acolytes, all joining in a chant. Besides the celebrant and deaconal aides, those who assisted in the ceremonies were: Bishop Moore of St. Augustine, Fla.; the Rev Father Bonfelio Baldi, superior; the Rev Fathers DeParadis of Coal City, Ill., and A. N. Bergeron of Notre Dame Church, masters of ceremonies; Father Pedro Simoni and Father Mathew McCann, missionaries; Father Hugo Crevier, Father Marianus Laplae, master of novices; Fathers Alexis Weyenberg, J. M. Cartan, M. T. McKenzie, P. J. McDovell, T. P. Hodnett, Pius, Edward, Halter, Glovozzky, M'Donald, Moraschini, and Murray. When the northeast corner of the huge foundation was reached the procession halted. The choristers, led by Father Simoni, chanted the Litany of the Saints as the archbishop blessed the stone which was ready to be moved into its place.

Bishop Moore of St. Augustine, Fla., delivered an eloquent sermon on the text from Matthew, "Go Ye and Teach All Nations the Word." He depicted the progress of the church and the work of the apostles, and particularly the conversion of a Roman senator, which marked the establishment of Christianity in the Roman Empire.

Archbishop Feehan offered a few words of congratulation, saying the great outpouring of people was a manifestation of Catholic faith.

THE BEST medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application, and one that will reach all the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces. The history of the efforts to treat catarrh during the past obliges us to admit that only one remedy has met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. The more distressing symptoms yield to it

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nellie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HURRIED DEPARTURE.

"Do not delay," whispered Sheares, as he sat, closely muffled up, on the driver's seat. "There is but little time to spare. You should be well down the channel by daybreak."

"I shall not be long," said the other, as he stepped to the door of the Eagle and knocked. It was opened immediately, and he entered. He returned without delay, alone. As he passed over to the car a form hurrying quickly collided against him.

"Hallo!" called Eugene.

"Why, Mr. Lefebre, I did not expect to meet you here so late."

"I have just been looking for Redmond and failed to see him. Have you seen him, Sir Trevor?"

"I say him—that is—I mean to say I saw him in the forenoon."

"But tonight?" asked Eugene. "Have you seen him to-night?"

"No."

"I am surprised he has not met me. I wish to see him particularly, as I leave tonight."

"Tonight."

"Yes. I am going back to France. Tell Redmond how sorry I am I did not see him. Good-bye, Sir Trevor. Shall return soon. Good-bye."

They parted, and Eugene leaped upon the trap.

"It is very odd," he said, as he re-took his seat, "the gentleman has not called although he promised to meet me here an hour ago. He must have gone by some other route. Drive quickly; we shall have another stop to make."

"Was not that Sir Trevor Mortimer you spoke to," asked Sheares.

"Yes."

"I hope you did not tell him who was with you or where you were going."

"I told him where I was going certainly," said Eugene."

"Better you had not. He is a *mauvais sujet*, that gentleman. Not worse in Ireland."

The conversation ended with this.

The importance of the subject they had been discussing, the joyous enthusiasm of the meeting, and finally the necessity for proceeding without delay on his voyage, had prevented Eugene from more than a passing thought on Seamore. But now that they were alone on the road, no conversation passing between them, the sob and sigh of the waves breaking against the shore alone in his ears, his thoughts went with wonderful yearning to the place. The memory of the days he had spent there came with strong force on his mind now that he was hurriedly leaving it. He thought of Helen—of her welcoming voice, of her winning and handsome face, of her eyes so bright with pleasure and delight when she saw him, until his brain filled with dream-pictures of her, until the dark night gave forth her face to his eye, and the murmur of the restless sea her silvery laugh. Attached to her as he had become, he never felt, until now that he was leaving her, that she had become so dear—so inexpressibly dear—to him.

The dark cloud or mist—obscuring the starlight—that hung over the sea seemed to him, as he vaguely gazed at it, a barrier of gloom and disappointment that should soon separate him from her and beloved Seamore. There was, however, the silver lining to it—the happiness that awaited him when he should come back and rejoice once more in the light of her presence.

Her presence! Why, what right had he to rejoice in her presence? She had never given him, in the slightest degree, to understand that the feelings which he now felt he so strongly entertained for her were reciprocated. She was warmly friendly to him, as became her to one who was so well beloved of yore and so long absent. Her frank and pleasant nature never concealed the delight she felt in having him among them; but that was all—of love there was none. And, then, on the other hand, Trevor Mortimer! He knew well enough—he could not be long in Seamore without understanding it—that Mortimer looked upon her as one who, in the natural course of events, should in time be his wife. Redmond possibly viewed matters in the same light. And for aught he knew, for no words passed between them on the subject, Helen might be possessed with the same views.

In the midst of these thoughts the trap reached the meadow that led up to the orchard. He quickly got down, desiring them to await his return, hastily crossed the meadow, clambered over the orchard wall, as he had done on the first night of his arrival—it was the shortest way—and, lifting the latch, entered.

It was close upon 1 o'clock. A solitary light was burning on the kitchen table, and one of the girls was sitting up awaiting his return.

"I am sorry to have kept you up, Norah," said he, as the girl, half asleep, raised her head from the table. "I suppose they have all retired to bed, long ago."

"Aye, these two hours and more."

"Give me a light, Norah; I want to say a word in haste to Redmond."

"Redmond!" said the girl, in sleepy surprise; "is he not with you?"

"With me?" cried Eugene, in tones in which a sense of disappointment was manifest. Do you mean to tell me Redmond has not yet returned?"

"No," said the girl in alarm, "he has not. He went out with you, and we thought he would have returned with you."

"So he ought, but he did not meet me at the appointed place. I suppose he remained with his friends. I am going away for a short time, Norah, and——"

"Going away," said Norah now roused completely from her sleepiness, "and at this hour of the night! Won't you wait until morning?"

"Unfortunately I cannot, Norah. I shall be many a mile away before morning. I wish to leave a message for your mistress, Norah. You will give it to her?"

"Yes, I'll give it," said the girl; "but what am I to tell her about Redmond?"

"Redmond will likely be home in the morning," said Eugene, as he finished the letter. "He has probably stopped with his friends in the city. Give Miss Barrington this note, Norah; and now good-bye. I am sorry I cannot remain longer," he said.

"When will you return? or how long will you be away?"

"Two questions pretty difficult to answer, Norah," he said, smiling. "I don't know myself; but I shall return as soon as I can. Tell Miss Barrington so, although I have said as much in my note. Once more—good bye!"

He held out his right hand to bid her good bye, and with the other handed her the note, and a gold ring which he took from his finger.

She took the former and returned the latter.

"I could not take this, Mr. Lefebre," she said. "If there was anything I could do for you I would do it, and with pleasure, but I could not accept a reward. You have been to friendly and kind since you came, and——"

"It is not a reward, in the ordinary sense of the word at least, Norah," he replied, as he noticed her rejection; "it is rather a memento to remember me by. In my hurried departure it is the only gift I can make, and you must accept it—at least until we meet again. Good-bye!"

Before the girl could make further motion he was gone.

Out into the darkening night, and this time by a circuitous route, until he reached where the parties were awaiting him.

"I fear I have delayed you, he said, as he resumed his seat, "but though it was at rather an unreasonable hour, I could not leave without a parting message."

"We have not too much time to waste; the night is passing, and you would want to be well away from the seaboard by sunrise," said John Sheares, as he handed him his cigar case.

The Frenchman wrapped his cloak around him, lit his cigar, and the vehicle whirled along the road to Dunleary in silence, so far as the three travelers were concerned.

They drove swiftly over the rough, scrubby brushwood—the Dunleary common—on which the town of Kingstown now stands, and without stop or stay until they reached the shingly strand, where in a sheltered nook the Albatross was rocking to and fro in the plash of the waves.

There was a weird silence around, when they had, after tying their horses to a tree, descended the steep hillside down to the little cove where, in the dim and misty moonlight, the little barque lay vaguely on the waters like some phantom vessel. There was no light on deck, and nothing to indicate that there was anyone on board. A sharp whistle, twice repeated from the lips of François, caused the appearance of some dim figures over the bulwarks; and after another interchange of similar signals a boat put off from her side, and with muffled oars was driven rapidly shorewards.

In a few moments her keel grated on the shingle.

"Is that you, captain?" asked François.

"Yes, mon officer," said the skipper. "I did not expect you back. We were just getting ready to start."

"I am glad you delayed," said the youth. "I am going back with another gentleman. How is it out at sea?"

"A fine spanking breeze from the Nor'-west; just the thing to suit us," said the skipper; "but we have very little time for delay. The night is waning rapidly. Jump in."

The young Frenchman jumped into the boat, whilst Eugene and Sheares waited for a moment to exchange a word or two.

A hurried intimation from the captain that the breeze was freshening concluded the discourse; and in a few moments Eugene was by the side of his companion. In a quarter of an hour or less the anchor was hauled up, the sails expanded to the wind; and, as the United Irishman—too soon to climb the steps of the scaffold—clambered up the steep sides of the cliff to where his horses were tethered, and stayed a minute on his way to look round, a phosphorescent gleam on the water—a track of white wave on the water—showed him where the rapid keel of the cutter was clearing its way out to sea, her sails showing in phantom dimness through the white mist that gathered over the waters.

"Good luck and God speed you," was the muttered parting prayer, as he untied his horses and turned his face homewards to the city.

CHAPTER IX.

DISASTER!

The cold grey light of the dawn came slantingly from the east, across the breast of the Irish sea, as the cutter ran down the Channel off the Wicklow coast. The tops of the Croghan mountains far above were turning into gold as the rays fell on the white mists that circled their summits and dispersed them. The long line of surf in the wake of the boat, as the growing day-beams fell on it, showed very strikingly the effect the breeze had on her filling sails.

As it grew brighter, the captain swept with his glass the rather limited horizon within view, but closed it up again, as no sigh of vessel on the sea gave indication of danger.

"With this breeze at our heels and no need for tacking," he said, "we shall be in the Atlantic in a few hours."

"You don't anticipate any danger, I hope," said Eugene, who noticed his survey of the sea with some concern.

"There is always cause for fear along this coast," said the captain sententiously.

"Well, I hope not on this occasion," said Eugene. "It seems perfectly clear of sail of any kind just at present."

"A run of a few miles might change all that," said the captain.

"You seem to me," said Eugene, as he stood up from where he had been sitting, "to have some cause for dread on your mind. Is that so. Have you?"

"As I said, there is always reason to be more or less uncomfortable."

"Is there any special reason for it now?"

"A little. Not much."

"What?"

"Well, as we came along last evening I thought I saw more than usual of cruisers in the channel. But our little bark is rigged so like an English vessel, and so unlike a French one, that they never noticed us. They might now, though, seeing us coming back so speedily."

"They are on the alert in consequence of the movements of the French fleet," said Eugene confidently; "they have more weighty thoughts and cares on their minds than looking after such small craft as we."

"I am not so sure of that," said the captain. "All is fish that comes to their net at present; and if they even do not suspect our mission they might readily overhaul us for the purpose of strengthening their crew. The press-gang is nearly as busy on sea as on shore."

"You are pretty much of a Job's comforter," said Eugene, laughing. "It would be rather an unpleasant exchange to make from that of captain, that is to be, of a three-decker, to an able seaman before the mast in an enemy's vessel."

"More unlikely things have happened," said the skipper significantly. "There are a great many seamen serving on board the English fleet who learned their duties first in Brest and Toulon."

"Well, I must say," broke in François, as he lit a cigar, "your conversation is not of the cheeriest character. A plague on all your ships, say I. I should rather ride beside Hoche on the Champs de Mars as a simple sous-lieutenant, looking at the long lines of glistening bayonets and with the thunder of the guns shaking the earth under your feet, than walk the deck of the finest 74 that ever rode the waves."

"There you are wrong, François," said Eugene enthusiastically. "There is no sight on earth so magnificent as a stately three decker with her acres of canvas given to the breeze, and with her long rows of shotted guns protruding from her portholes, as she bears down like a thing of life on the enemy. There is a sense of power as she rides haughtily over the waves, crushing them with contempt beneath her, that nothing on land can give. With curving lines of grace and beauty she anchors off a hostile city broadside on, and before morning leaves it a heap of smoking ruins. That is the sense of power that makes a great ship at once so attractive and so glorious."

"It may be a matter of taste, but give me the charge of a gallant regiment on the enemy. See the thunder of their rush as the earth trembles and smokes under the hoofs of their horses! See the glancing row of drawn sabres speeding like lightning. The waving plumes, the flashing eyes of the horses that seem to catch from their riders something of their gallant courage and chivalry; and hear their cheer as they burst like a thunderbolt on the foe! Oh, it is magnificent!"

"Your ideas are very fine," said the skipper, "and I am sorry to disturb them, but just now we shall be running in the neighborhood of strange craft I don't quite like the way the semaphores are signaling along the coast; and if you would take my advice you would retire to the cabin and take a sleep. Your presence here might attract the attention of observers telescopes and bring inquiries upon us."

"I think your advice sensible," said, as I have not closed an eye these thirty hours, I, for one, am quite prepared to follow it," said Eugene, as he raised himself from the little deck whereon they had been reclining over a heap of sails.

"And I, too," said François. "I not only slept none last night, but very little on my way here from France. This sea traveling does not suit my fancy."

"You can have a long sleep if you will," said the captain, "for I do not wish—however much I like it—your presence on deck until after the sun goes down. We shall be then well into the Atlantic."

The two young men descended to the little cabin, where the two seamen who, in conjunction with the skipper, were to work the vessel to France, were arousing themselves from their short sleep; and but partially undressing, turned into their places.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

MISS KIRK'S LETTER.

She Deals With a Great Many Subjects of Special Interest to the Ladies.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 29.—It would afford me great pleasure to be able to answer all the questions that are asked concerning fashions, and food, and ailments, and positions, and a thousand other things, but it is impossible. The best I can do is to make a sort of composite sketch, and so fill the bill to the best of my ability. The queries concerning styles seem to have been the most numerous, and my sympathies have been very keenly touched by the endeavors of women to clothe themselves in good taste, and by their own unaided efforts. In other words to earn the money to buy the wearing apparel, and to make it at odd moments in the best and most economical way. Some of my correspondents remark that they suppose I know nothing about such necessity, and excuse themselves for asking these most pertinent questions. They may disabuse their minds of this idea, and need never feel ashamed to ask me any questions bearing upon domestic economy or any other subject in which they as plodders and toilers are interested.

I have been right there, and not only have been compelled to earn my own clothes, but the bodily covering for several others beside myself, to say nothing of the food we were obliged to eat. The less I say about the making of these clothes the better, for in that direction I am not endowed. As a cutter and fitter I am a distinct failure, and am afraid that most of my costumes would not have borne a close scrutiny. But they answered, and the general effect was not so bad, for there is no woman on earth who can do more with pins in the way of covering inartistic spots than I can. Across the street these pins would deceive the very elect, and I always tried to keep as much distance as that between myself and my critical acquaintances. But seriously I suppose I should not care so much about the defects and successes, the struggles and joys of my sex if I had not practically shared their experiences. I would be ashamed to offer suggestions or practical sympathy if I had not worked out some, at least, of these problems for myself.

I can fully appreciate the disgust and weariness of "Played Out Writer," for instance, in his endeavors to find something to "brace up on that will not harm the nerves and will not steal the senses away." "Played Out Writer" does not want to get drunk, though sometimes he feels very much like it. At this point we diverge. I was never so "played out" as that.

I would advise him and all other tired brain workers to procure some Bovinine without delay and take it according to directions. If its use is persisted in it will permanently cure nervous prostration and debility. The best of this perfect food is that it is not medicated and contains more than 26 per cent of soluble albuminoids. In other words, it is raw food prepared in the purest and most scientific fashion. As I know from actual experience the value of this food in times of weariness and exhaustion, I cannot say too much in its favor.

A high authority tells me that bangs are no longer to be tolerated, but what the owners of bangs are to do with their bangs, deponent saith not. Hair will not grow in a day, and now that it must be "parted in the middle and drawn back from the forehead in loose natural waves," I do not wonder at the perplexity of the bangites.

The French twist has gone the way of other defunct styles, and the low Grecian coil has taken its place. We have simply returned to an old and very pretty way of dressing the hair.

The owners of bangs must train their refractory hair into place, and make some compromise while it is growing. By the time they have reached the "loose natural wave," it will be time to cut it off again. For that reason it doesn't pay to be too much disturbed by these decrees.

To those of my readers who have written me about making over their wool gowns, I would say that with care they can be made to look as well as ever. A coat bodice that reaches below the hips wit a deep shawl collar is pretty for the street. Small hats or bonnets of the same material or the same shade as the dress will be much worn, and these are easily made. There are so many ways of trimming these becoming little things. One girl writes me that she has made and trimmed her hats from the rag bag for four years, and now she pines for a showcase to choose from. There is real inspiration in making something pretty and becoming out of nothing, though I admit it does get monotonous. But there are worse things than trimming hats out of a rag bag—I know that too.

Dressmakers all over the country are very kind to me, and for any hints that I give them, they always strive to give me some in return. For instance, "Boston Dressmaker" writes that "there is no necessity for wetting Goff's braid before it is used, and that it neither shrinks, fades, nor wears out. To be obliged to dip braid into water at the eleventh hour is a nuisance," she adds, "and I long ago gave up buying stuff that the makers did not know enough to perfect before putting on the market. Goff's braid is all ready for use, and will do everything but sew itself on the dress."

Dressmaker agrees with me that strong stitches are necessary on the bottom of skirts, and adds that braid improperly sewed is a sign of slovenliness, and an invitation to accident.

The attempt to force the fashion of demi-trains for street wear fell through as I knew it must. A Broadway dressmaker very kindly exhibited for my benefit a few days ago some costumes designed for her ultra fashionable customers. These skirts were all "swing clears" and could be worn in a moderate rain without damage.

The New York *Ledger's* vivid Boston story "by a Boston pen," dealing with the temptations which assail a young man of wealth and leisure in a large city, excites considerable attention. Arthur Dudley Vinton, recently of the *North American Review*, is one of the new names in the *Ledger's* galaxy, as is also Miss Kate Jean Ludlum, whose Adirondack serial in that weekly grows more and more interesting. Thomas Dunn English, the ballad writer, is contributing some spirited Irish historical lays to the *Ledger*.

ELEANOR KIRK.

The best and surest dye to color the beard *brown* or *black*, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium.

An Reim-sgeal.

Budh ghnáth suibhal le ciúmhais na h-abham,
Air bháinseach dr 'san drúcht go trom,
A naice na g-cofiliteadh,—a g-coim an t-sléibh,
Gan mairg, gan mhoill, le soilise an lae.
Do ghealach mo chroídhe nuair chí ihinn loch Gréine,
An talamh, 'san tír, 's foghuir na spéire
Budh thaithneamhach, aoibhinn, suigheamh na sléibhte,
Bagairt a g-cinn tar dhruim a chéile,
Do ghealfach an croídhe bhí erion le ciantadh,
Caite gan bhrígh, no líontadh a b-piantadh,
An séithleach searbh gan sealbh gan saídhbhreas,
D' fhéachfach tamal tar bharra na g-cofiliteadh,
Air lachain na sguantadh air chuan gan chéó,
'San aladh air a bh-fuaid a gluaiseacht leó,
Na h-éisg le meídhir ag éirghídhe 'náirde,
Péirse am radhare go taídhbhseach, tár-bhreac,
Dath na locha agus gorm na d-tonn,
A teacht go tollagach, torannach, trom,
Do bhíoch éanla a g-craíon go meaghrach, móbhrach,
'S léimneach eiltídhe g-cofiliteadh am chómhgar,
Géimneach adharc, 's radharc air shluaighte
Tréan-ruith gadhar 's *Reynard* reómpadh.
Air maidin a nae bhí an spéir gan chéó,
Bhí *Cancer* a ngreís, 's caorthadh teó,
'S í gabhtha chum saothair tar éis na h-oídhche,
'S obair an lae sin roimpa sínte.
Bhí duíleabhar craobhe air ghéaga am thiompcholl,
Fiorthann 's féar 'na shlaoda taoibh liom,
Glasraídhe fás ann,—bláth 's luíbheannadh,
Sgalpfeach le fán dá chráídhteacht smaoínte,
Bhí me cortha 'san codla dam thraochadh,
Shín mé thorm air cothram san bh-fear glas,
A n-aice na g-crann,—a d-teanladh tríuse,
Taca lem' cheann, 'smo hanladha sínte.
Air g-ceangal mo shúl go dlúith le chéile,
Greamaighthe dúnta, a n-dubh-glas néalta,
'S m'aghaidh 'gam fuilighthe o chuilibh go sásta,
A d-taídhriomh d'fhuiling me 'n cuilighthe cráídhte,
Do choraig, do lom, do tholl go h-ard me,
'S me am chodla go trom gan mheabhair, gan fhéirim.
Budh ghairid mo shuan nuair shíl me,
An talamh máguard a luasgadh am thimpeheall,
Uafadh a d-tuaig, 's fuadach fíochmhar,
'S calaith an chuain a tuargan teínte,
Síolladh dam shúil dár shamhluighsea uaim,
Do chonare mé chúgam le ciúmhais an chuain.
An mhéasch bholgach, tholgach, thaídhbhseach,
Chnámhach, cholgach, ghorgach, ghadhgach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BRADY—Sept. 5, at his residence, Tomgraney, county Clare, James Brady, aged 75 years.

MARTIN—Sept. 11, at Modlin street, Kells, James Martin, V. S.

O'BRIEN—Sept. 4, at Galway, Mary, widow of the late Thomas O'Brien, of Rossbrien, Limerick, aged 61 years.

HEARNE—Sept. 14, at 44 Northumberland avenue, Kingstown, Jane Mary, relict of Patrick Hearne, of Clonmel.

HEGAN—At his residence, Athboy Gate, Trim, Mr. Regan.

SEXTON—At St. Mary's Tallaght (Dominican Novitiate), Brother Raphael Sexton, O. P., born June 10, 1869, professed Sept. 14, 1888, died Sept. 14, 1890.

CUSACK—Sept. 16, at her residence, 24 Goldsmith street, Dublin, Margaret Imelda, wife of Michael Cusack, native of Carron, county Clare, and daughter of the late James Woods, Dromore, county Down, aged 36 years.

DILLON—Sept. 15, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Dr. Jones, 60 Rathgar road, Charlotte Jane Dillon, daughter of the late Charles Dillon, county Meath.

GREGG—Sept. 16, at Clinkeeland, Clones, county Monaghan, John Gregg, aged 84 years.

HACKETT—Sept. 13, at Newtown, Rathsagan, county Kildare, Bridget, daughter of Patrick Hackett, aged 29 years.

HOLOHAN—Sept. 14, at Knocktopher, Anastasia, widow of the late Richard Holohan, and mother of the Very Rev. Canon Holohan, P.P., Rosbercon, aged 80 years.

JONES—Sept. 16, at the residence of her father, 16 Beesborough avenue, (late of the Manor, Waterford), Belinda, fourth daughter of Mary and Robert Jones.

NOLAN—Sept. 15, at his father's residence, Coolaght, Clonroche, county Wexford, William Nolan, Summer Hill, Tramore, county Waterford.

DONALDSON—Sept. 13, at the railway station, Dundalk, George Crawford, second son of George Donaldson, aged 9 years; killed by accidentally falling out of train.

GRIFFIN—Sept. 17, at his parents' residence, Decatur, Newcastle West, county Limerick, James, son of John Griffin.

DURNEN—Sept. 13, at his residence, 78 Patrick street, Kingstown, Denis Durnen, at at advanced age.

EGAN—Sept. 13, at his residence, Mullingar, Patrick Egan, aged 44 years.

LOUGHNED—At 18 Hardwicke street, Annie, widow of the late Samuel Loughced, aged 35 years.

MCGOLDRICK—Sept. 14, at his parents' residence, 22 Great Western Villas, John, son of Henry and Maria McGoldrick.

MCKENNA—At 8 Mabel street, Clonliffe road, Dublin, wife of Christopher McKenna, late of Mullingar.

MURPHY—Sept. 12, at Killinane, Bagnalstown, Michael Murphy, aged 96 years.

O'BRIEN—Sept 10, at her residence, Mill street, Ennis, Miss Annie O'Brien, aged 84 years.

O'CONNOR—Sept. 14, at 60 High street, Killarney, Deputy Inspector-General O'Connor, M. D., M. R. C. S.

REILLY—Sept. 13, at his residence, 19 Grangegorman, Dublin, Patrick Reilly, second son of Patrick and Kate Reilly, Kiloogy, county Cavan.

ROCHE—Sept. 4, at St. George's place, London, Joseph William Roche, of Tuam, county Galway, aged 68 years.

SHEPPARD—Sept. 13, at the hospital, Galway, Robert Sheppard, late of coast guard service, at an advanced age.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2235 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 26th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2548 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O. S. B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 295 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 353 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 834 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2264 Scnfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Batha, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 881 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 73 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 5, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O. S. B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 3:30 and 7 p. m. Rev. C. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3019 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Vens, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josephat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

PACKING HOUSE BURNED

Plant of the Anglo-American Provision Company.

THE ORIGIN OF THE FIRE UNKNOWN.

Ninety Thousand Hogs Consumed by the Flames—Thirty-Two Tanks of Lard Explode One After Another—The Loss, Which Is Over Half a Million, Fully Covered by Insurance — A Kentucky Whisky Ware House in Flames.

CHICAGO, Sept. 29.—Three buildings of the great plant of the Algo-American Provision company at the stock yards—the packing house and ware houses E, F and B—were destroyed by fire Sunday morning early, the flames not being entirely subdued until noon Sunday. Besides the buildings the following property was destroyed: Nine thousand dressed hogs, 200,000 pounds of sausage, and the product of 90,000 porkers. The plant was only recently purchased by an English syndicate, and was running with a force of 1,300 hands, all of whom are now idle just as winter is coming on. The loss is estimated at $730,000, being divided as follows: $50,000 on sides, hams, and shoulders; $75,000 on dressed hogs; $125,000 on machinery, and $30,000 on buildings.

The loss is entirely covered by insurance. H. J. Straight & Co., 150 La Salle street, say the entire amount is placed in foreign companies. The plant was insured at $1,500,000.

The First Alarm.

The conflagration was one of the fiercest the fire department ever had to battle with. No one seems to know how the blaze started, but Mr. Fowler does not believe it was of incendiary origin. Flames were first discovered at 1:30 o'clock in the engine-room of the packing house. The first alarm was turned in by Sam Shapiro, a boy employed during the night as a driver. When he saw it the whole interior of the packing and engine rooms was in a blaze He ran to box No. 2,119, at Packer's avenue and Transit street, and pulled the box. As soon as the firemen arrived on the scene a "4-11" alarm was turned in, calling out nineteen engines. A little later a special call was made for seven more engines, and twenty-six were soon throwing streams of water on the blazing buildings.

Explosions of Lard Tanks.

The firemen worked against obstacles from the start. Water had little effect on the grease soaked floors, and the fire soon reached the tank-room, where thirty-two tanks of lard were located. These exploded one after another with loud reports and the boiling lard burned fiercely. The heat was so intense the firemen were compelled to work at a distance. The packing room is about 50x150 feet, and the whole interior was blazing when the firemen reached the scene in response to the first alarm. The flames spread to the cool room adjoining and commenced burning the carcasses of the hogs hanging there. In the room were 6,689 hogs, and they burned like oil. Water was useless in fighting the fire, and it seemed that nothing could be done to stop the conflagration. The roof fell in about an hour after the fire started and the conflagration became more furious. The blaze lighted up the heavens and rendered everything lighter than day. Scores of firemen directed a hundred streams of water into the burning acres of lard and meat, but with little effect.

Burning of Salt Meats.

The west wall of the packing house fell soon after the roof went down. On a switch beside the building were three freight cars, and the falling bricks crushed them. No other wall fell, but two are now in a dangerous condition. In the basement of the building was stored an immense amount of salt meat. This caught fire, and while the flames were not furious and were prevented from blazing high they destroyed the sides, shoulders, and hams stored layer on layer. The roof and floors covered the smouldering meats and kept water from reaching them, and the firemen were busy all day Sunday with axes and hammers in removing the masses of debris that hindered their work. The building that burned is a part of the plant that was recently erected. The entire series of buildings was under one roof and surrounded by a high wall. This kept the sightseers at a distance, and a few policemen were able to keep every one out. Thousands went to the scene during the day, but they could see nothing and did not linger long.

Will Resume Operations Tuesday.

At 11 o'clock Monday morning the fire at Fowler Bros.' packing establishment was entirely out, and there was left a mass of smoldering ruins, the stench from which does not rise to the heavens, but hangs in the atmosphere, offensive to the nostrils. But two fire companies were working upon the ruins to subdue any lingering blaze that might start out afresh, while a large force of men are engaged in clearing away the debris, so that the work of rebuilding may start at once. Fowler Bros. have engaged the packing house of S. W. Allerton and will commence operations Tuesday morning with 3,000 hogs on hand. The force of men to be immediately employed upon the work is not as yet determined upon, but as soon as the new plant can be completed the old force of employes will be rehired. No paper has correctly stated the loss, which will be slightly under $500,000. This information is obtained from the fire insurance patrol, and while their report is not entirely complete it is sufficiently so to make a conservative estimate. Fowler Bros. state that their new establishment will be as perfect as money can secure and the old plans will be modified and enlarged upon. Work will be expedited as much as possible, and while no date is stated when everything will be completed the time will not be far in the future.

A Bonfire of Whisky.

MADISON, Ind., Sept. 29.—The old stone ware house of the Richwood distillery, situated in Kentucky, opposite this city, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. The house contained 1,500 barrels of tax-paid whisky, all of which was destroyed. The property and whisky belonged to Levy & Brother, of Cincinnati. The fire department of Madison crossed the river and succeeded in saving the distillery and adjoining ware house which contained over 7,000 barrels of whisky. The fire originated in the brick yard and was communicated to the ware house by high winds prevailing at the time.

The comptroller of the currency has authorized the Joplin National bank, of Joplin, Mo., to begin business with a capital of $150,000.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Conference Report of the Tariff Bill Taken Up in the Senate.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 30.—The senate passed the house bill to promote the administration of justice in the army (with a verbal amendment). Resolutions authorizing the irrigation committee to contidue its work and continuing the pay of session clerks and clerks to senators during the recess were passed. The conference report of the tariff bill was taken up and Mr. Carlisle addressed the senate. He would not, he said, attempt to discuss the economic theory of the bill. It was now about to pass entirely from the hands of the senate, and beyond its control a discussion of the question could not be undertaken without neglecting the last opportunity to state (as accurately as possible) what the main provisions of the measure were and what would be its probable effect on taxation. It was not his purpose to attempt to state the effect of the measure on the public revenue because it would be impossible to do so with any degree of accuracy. But he could state approximately what its effect on taxation would be.

Effect of the Bill on Revenues.

No member of the finance committee had ventured during the tariff debate to express an opinion as to what the effect of the bill would be on the revenues of the government, except the senator from Iowa (Allison), who, in the course of a speech on the subect of the expenses of the government had reviewed the subject to some extent. But that was before the conference report was made.

In the House.

The house passed joint resolution appropriating $10,000 to enable the postmaster general to test the free delivery system at small towns and villages; senate bill to protect actual settlers on public lands in Florida on which deposits of phosphatee have since been discovered; bill releasing to San Francisco the United States title to certain land near the Presidio.

MEN OF IRON AND STEEL.

A Notable Gathering of Manufacturers and Mining Engineers.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—One of the most notable gatherings of mining engineers and iron and steel manufacturers that has ever occured took place Mon day afternoon, when the first of the series of sessions to be held by the international iron and steel congress was convened at Chickering hall. Owing to the late arrival of over 100 of the delegates who came on the Servia the hall was not filled until well along toward 3 o'clock. Among the early arrivals were Sir William Arral, of Glasgow; Bobert Bell and Clifton Hall, of Edinburgh; Herr Hoverstadt, of Berlin; D. M. Von Douglass and Bennett H. Brough, of London.

Welcome to the Delegates.

At 2 o'clock President Hewitt called the meeting to order, and the welcoming speeches were made and responded to. President Hewitt said that no matter what branch of the iron or steel industry one might look for it would be found in New York city and that the people of New York were heart and hand in any movement looking to the advancement of the iron and steel business. J. C. Bayles, of East Orange, N. J., read a paper on "Explosions from Unknown Causes." Mr. Overlin Smith, of Bridgetown, N. J., read his article on "Cast Iron Tools for Cutting Metals" at the evening session. Several papers were read by title and distributed to the members.

BIG IMPORT OF CUBAN TOBACCO.

Steamers Arrive at Key West Laden to Their Utmost Capacity.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 30.—A Key West special to The Times-Union says: Cuban tobacco is being rushed into the United States through this port in large quantities, and there has been unusual activity in imports during the past few days. The government's storage capacity of the bonded warehouse will scarcely be capable of holding the large quantity that is expected to arrive here before the new tariff bill goes into effect. Three thousand one hundred and eighty-eight bales of wrappers have been imported since the 13th inst., and last Wednesday night the steamer Mascotte was laden to her utmost capacity with tobacco consigned to manufacturers here and in Tampa.

To Cure the Tobacco Here.

This imported stock being this year's crop, is all more or less green, hence a part of the large ware house has been partitioned off and set apart for storage. The object is to cure the tobacco here instead of in the Havana ware houses where it has heretofore been cured and stored after purchase and imported as occasion demanded. Nearly all the manufacturers have been to Havana and returned after making purchases. There is now in the bonded ware house the largest quantity of tobacco ever stored here at any one time. Much is being bought on speculation.

The Anarchist Must Remain in Joliet.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—It was after 5 o'clock when Judge Gresham decided that Mr. Salomon's eloquence had been sufficiently aired. The judge's decision was to the effect that the court could not interfere in the matter in any way. Schwab had been convicted and sentenced by due process of law according to the Illinois statutes, and there was nothing in these statutes to conflict with the constitutional rights of a citizen of the United States. As a salve, however, to the feelings of the attorney, the judge said he would allow him to amend his petition in such a way that there should be no technical obstacles in its form when it was presented to the supreme court of the United States. Meantime Michael Schwab must remain in the Joliet penitentiary.

Celebrating a Cotton Centenary.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 30.—The celebration of the 100th anniversary of the introduction into this country of cotton spinning by power by Samuel Slater in the city of Pawtucket began here Monday. In commemoration of the fact that Samuel Slater established one of the first, if not the first, Sunday schools in America, Monday was known as Sunday school day, the morning being devoted to Sunday school exercises, a parade of Sunday school children being a feature. The adult part of the programme began in Centenary hall, where a cotton exposition is being held. The programme includes a military parade, grand camp fire and other features and the exercises will run for two or three days.

A Royal Betrothal Mooted.

BUCHAREST, Sept. 30.—It is stated that the crown prince of Roumania will shortly be betrothed to the Princess Victoria of Wales.

A SPIRITED DEBATE.

Mississippi Constitutional Convention Considers the Temperance Question.

JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 27.—The constitutional convention spent the entire day considering the temperance question, and it provoked one of the most spirited discussions yet heard in the convention. The temperance committee made a majority and minority report on the liquor question. The majority report stated that it was inopportune and impracticable to bring the question before the convention, and recommended no action be taken on the question.

The Majority Report Adopted.

The minority report, signed by Messrs. Christman and Hamilton, concluded with the recommendation that a provision be inserted in the constitution that all saloons and tippling houses, where vinous and spirituous liquors and other intoxicating drinks are kept for sale, are hereby declared to be public nuisances and may be suppressed or abated by prosecution in the name of the state or upon the complaint of any citizen. The legislature shall enact such laws as are necessary to enforce the provisions of this section. The minority report was defeated by a vote of 73 to 17, and the majority report was adopted without division.

PLENTY OF MONEY IN SIGHT.

An Oklahoma Bank Successfully Passes a Crisis.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Sept. 27.—The failure of the Capital bank of this city Wednesday precipitated a financial crash Friday. Anxious depositors formed in line at the paying teller's window of the Commercial bank, the principal financial institution of the city, anxious to withdraw their funds. Checks were paid as soon as presented until noon, when the stock of available cash ran low. Friends of the institution offered relief in the shape of money, which stood the drain until 4 o'clock, the regular closing hour. At that hour additional funds arrived from Newton, Arkansas City, and Kansas City, and were piled high on the paying-teller's desk. The sight of so much money reassured the crowd, and many of them decided to leave their deposits with the bank. A firmer feeling exists, and it is believed that the crisis has been successfully passed.

Iowa Crop Report.

DES MOINES, Sept. 27.—The week's closing bulletin of the Iowa weather service reports favorable conditions for maturing crops; also for fall plowing and seeding. A large increase is reported in the southern counties in acreage of winter wheat sown; also some increase in rye and barley. Corn will soon be ready to crib and the yield is fully 75 per cent. of the average of the last ten years. The bulletin says the season, though not so favorable as former years for bountiful production, has brought prosperity to Iowa farms, the enhanced prices more than overbalancing the deficiency in the amount produced.

Ran into a Herd of Deer.

DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 27.—Friday evening the limited train left Mansfield northbound twenty-seven minutes late. Five miles this side of that station, while running nearly sixty miles an hour, an immense herd of deer dashed across the track at the entrance to a cut. It was too late to stop, and the train struck the herd killing a great number. The train passed though the herd, throwing them right and left, but did not stop. When the train arrived here a magnificent specimen of a buck deer was found dead on the engine's pilot. The engineer estimates the herd at over 100.

Colorado Democratic Ticket.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 26.—The Democratic state convention made the following nominations: Governor, Judge Caldwell Yeaman, of Trinidad; representative in congress, T. J. O'Donnell, Denver; lieutenat governor, P. Rogers, Denver; secretary of state, W. N. Foreman, Summit county; state treasurer, J. N. Carlisle, Pueblo; auditor, W. T. Skelton, Washington; attorney general, J. H. Maupin, Canon City; superintendent of public instruction, N. B. Coy, Golden.

Jumped to His Death.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 27.—The express passenger train of the Baltimore and Ohio and Southwestern, going west, ran into the rear of a construction train that had not wholly got on to the sidetrack at Madisonville, Ohio, Engineer Cattle and Fireman J. W. Hough jumped. The engineer escaped with bruises, but the fireman struck his head on a coal car and died in fifteen minutes. The engine and postal cars were wrecked. The passengers escaped injury.

At the Whipping Post.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 29.—One lone culprit stood pilloried for an hour in the rain and afterward hugged the post while Sheriff Allen laid on thirty lashes at Newcastle jail Saturday morning. It was Edward Denby, a negro, who had been convicted of assaulting Mrs. Margaret C. Hukill, a white woman. The sheriff plied the cat with more than usual vigor, but no blood was drawn. Denby stood the ordeal without flinching, then begged a chew of tobacco and went back to his cell laughing.

Illinois State Fair.

PEORIA, Ills., Sept. 29.—The state fair opened up Monday morning with bright prospects for the most elaborate and successful exhibition ever held in this state, or any of the western country. The board of agriculture are all here and are ready to accommodate the large crowds that are expected to visit this city. Peoria is amply prepared to accommodate over 100,000. The display on the grounds is larger than before—even more than had been expected.

Death of an Aged Colored Woman.

CHICAGO, Sept. 29.—Chicago's oldest colored resident, Mrs. Ruth Ann Hilton, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Patterson, 2516 Butterfield street, Friday afternoon. The funeral took place from Lincoln hall, on Thirty-first street near Michigan avenue, Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Hilton was 110 years of age at the time of her death. She was born in Butler county, Va.

A Long Lost Boy Found.

TUSCOLA, Ills., Sept. 27.—The young son of T. S. Wyatt, treasurer of Douglas county, who disappeared from his home mysteriously last June, has been found in Kentucky.

Lord Mayor of London.

LONDON, Sept. 29.—Mr. Joseph Savory has been elected lord mayor of the city of London.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A colored man living in Worth county, Ga., is the owner of a little red steer that recently trotted twenty-two miles in four hours hitched to a cart.

Henry Fantoine and Charles Kleiber, of West Bay City, Mich., go to jail for twenty days for stealing a ham.

The trial of J. Reginald Birchall, charged with the murder of F. C. Benwell, began at Woodstock, Ont., Monday. The accused pleaded not guilty.

The wife of Smith Elliott, of Watson township, Mo., eloped with on 18-year-old son of Jordan Lind. Mrs. Elliott is 50 years old.

The officials of the German government arms factory have posted a notice that women will no longer be employed at night work.

The Kansas City ball team practically landed the Western association pennant Monday.

Last Saturday the visible supply of wheat and corn was respectively 17,640,439 and 8,506,835 bushels.

The time allowed Phelps Perrin, the Hurley, Wis., bank robber, to file affidavits for a new trial expired Monday, without anything being done. He must now serve out a sentence of five years in the penitentiary.

A rattlesnake died in ten minutes after biting a colored man at Lumpkin, Ga. The man suffered no serious results.

Martin Kellogg, who lives near Norwalk, Ohio, celebrated his 104th birthday Sunday.

Officers were elected Tuesday by the switchmen's convention at Buffalo, Frank Sweeney, John Downey and George Law, all of Chicago, securing leading positions.

Some unknown person hurled a stone through an Illinois Central car between Kappa and Hudson, Ill., Tuesday, by which Joseph Wright was dangerously and a boy slightly hurt.

Reports from Erie are that the condition of the Hon. W. L. Scott is improved, but he is yet very ill.

Tuesday, at St. Louis, the Hon. Nathan Frank was defeated for renomination to congress in the Ninth district, Thomas J. Prosser, a contractor, securing the prize.

At Gravesend Tuesday the Warneke's famous filly, Reclare, was offered for sale, and was bid in for her owners at $15,000.

The National Prison association will meet in Cincinnati Sept 25 for a season of several days.

A lawsuit is now in progress at Norristown, Pa., over the ownership of six chickens.

Owing to the heavy rains corn was gathered in the Mohawk valley, New York, Sunday in boats.

A Macomb county, Mich., farmer has harvested 604 bushels of good oats from twelve acres of ground.

A Kentucky widower has just married his seventh wife. He is 83 and his new wife over 30 years of age.

Over two and a half inches of rain fell in Florence, Ala., Tuesday. Cotton is badly damaged.

It was reported Tuesday that the Manhattan and the Sun Oil companies, and the Paragon Refining company, of Toledo, Ohio, had combined. The new company represents a capital of $5,000,000.

Miss Artie Bromfield, of Sumner, Ills., fell while running in the school yard and received probably fatal injuries.

It is stated that rich petroleum discoveries have been made in the state of Tobasco, Mexico.

A gift of $900 was wired from New York Tuesday to the widow of Gen. John C. Fremont.

President Diaz, of Mexico, announces that he will not grant concessions to American lottery companies.

A fight at Brundidge, Ala., Tuesday, between two white men and a gang of fifteen negroes resulted in the killing of one negro and the severe wounding of one white man and several of the negroes.

It has leaked out that Jack McAuliffe, the pugilist, has married Katie Hart of the "Natural Gas" company.

Be-Lee-Thang — Man-with-Many-Heads—a sub-chief of the Navajo Indians, has about 500 horses, 100 cattle, and at least 5,000 goats. He is about 70, and has but one wife.

A negro attempted to shoot his wife at Kissimmee, Fla. The bullet missed its mark and hit a little girl instead, killing her instantly.

Robert Ingraham, of Philadelphia, a guest of Capt. Eicholtz, of Gettysburg, found a gold chain on that battlefield. It was probably dropped during the battle.

An attempt at wholesale delivery was frustrated at Hamilton, Ohio, Wednesday, the jailer getting wind of the affair in time to prevent it.

In Habersham park, Ga., is a curious grapevine. About five feet from the ground, from a large live oak, there protrudes a grapevine about one inch in diameter. The tree is perfectly solid and no roots to the grapevine can be seen.

The champion butter producing cow of the world is named Euratisamas, owned in Massachusetts, and her record is 945 pounds and nine ounces of butter in one year.

A Knox county, Ind., farmer planted thirty acres in Russian sunflowers and realised $63 per acre on the crop.

Michigan railroads earned during July $6,34.661.33, against $7,303,206.34 for the corresponding month in 1889.

George Whetmore, a Detroit photographer, shot a woman in Delmer, Can., Wednesday, in a struggle for the daughter of Whetmore's wife.

The Pennsylvania state Prohibition committee met at Harrisburg Wednesday and nominated John D. Gill for governor, to take the place of Charles Miller, who declined.

An immense gas well was struck Thursday in Washington county, Ohio. In three hours every acre of ground for a long distance was leased.

Wednesday Edward Lennox, while fishing near Lima, Ohio, lay down beside a fire and went to sleep. His clothing caught fire and he was burned to death.

Bella McDonald, aged 16 years and 6 months, hight 6 feet 7 inches, weight 274 pounds, reached New York Tuesday from the County Kildare, Ireland.

The Bedford (Pa.) Gazette is eighty-five years old and its publisher thinks it is the oldest newspaper in the United States.

Thursday night John Ferrall, while asleep, walked out of a second story window at the Vine Street hotel, at Lima, Ohio, and was killed.

The population of the village of Washburn, Wis., according to the recount just completed, is 2,789. The count of June showed only 1,960.

At Madison, Wis., Wednesday, the sheriff closed the jewelry store of C. A. Belden.

Thursday a Rockford, Ills., 170 Swedes, headed by a Swedish band and carrying a Swedish flag, marched to the court house, where they were naturalized Returning they carried an American flag.

Coal agents met at New York Thursday and ordered an advance of 25 cents a ton at Buffalo, and 15 cents a ton at Chicago and other lake points, to take effect Oct. 1.

Thursday Mrs. E. Shoecraft, of Coldwater, Mich., died from the effects of a dose of paris green, taken while in a state of temporary insanity.

The barn and farm machinery of Alexander Degroff, of Roscoe, Ills., was burned at an early hour Thursday morning. The fire was started by a tramp who slept in the barn. Loss, $1,100.

The Prohibitionists and Farmers' alliance, of North Dakota, met Thursday at Grand Forks and decided to nominate a Union state ticket.

The damage by the floods in the department of Ardeche in France amounts to 50,000,000 francs.

A death from cholera is reported to have occurred at Bristol, England.

It was reported Thursday that during the national celebration in the City of Mexico on the evening of the 11th inst., President Diaz, in response to repeated calls from the crowd, stepped out on a balcony. The instant he appeared a volley from forty muskets was fired at him, but he escaped uninjured. Fifteen of the men implicated have been captured.

At Baltimore, Md., John Siebrecht has begun suit for $75,000 damages against William H. Evans for stealing the affections of his wife while acting the part of a supposed friend.

A. K. Coney, consul general of Mexico at San Francisco, stated Friday in an interview that he did not believe the story that an attempt was made to assassinate President Diaz.

A dispatch from Algiers says that a cyclone has swept over a large portion of Algeria, doing an immense amount of damage.

A peculiar distemper has broken out among horses in Manchester, N. H. It culminates in swollen limbs and running sores.

Louis Brown, 14 years old, confessed Friday that he had set fire to a number of farms and houses that were burned recently at Wapello, Iowa.

It is reported that civil war is imminent in Chili, owing to the contest between congress and the president, who refuses to choose a new cabinet. The president is backed by the troops, while congress has the support of the people.

The Fox steel plate mill at Joliet, Ills., the largest of its kind in the country, hitherto largely owned by the Illinois Steel company, passed on Friday into the entire control of G. Fox, of England.

A young man passed a check for $100 to which Mayor Duncan's name was forged in Burlington, Iowa, Friday. He was arrested.

The enrollment of soldiers and their widows and officers in Kansas has been completed as provided for by the last legislature, and shows about 160,000 service records.

At Kankakee, Ills., Friday, Nelson lowered the world's stallion record to 2:11¼; and Faustina lowered the 2-year-old record to 2:23¾.

John Jay, who was severely injured by a cab at New York Thursday, rested easily Friday. The doctors say that Mr. Jay will recover.

Three burglars ransacked three houses in Kansas City in broad daylight, Friday. They were at last discovered while going through a house and one of them was captured.

Friday the Knights of Labor and the Progressive union of the coke regions were amalgamated. The new society has a membership of 30,000.

Official statistics from twenty-one counties in eastern Kansas show that since Jan. 1 4,061 mortgages have been recorded, and 3,286 released, or a decrease in mortgage indebtedness of those counties of 17 per cent.

A Texas sheep man visiting at Bennetterre, Mo., wears a beard over seven feet long.

The Hon. Milton Delano, congressman from the Binghamton, (N. Y.) district, declines to be a candidate for re-election on the ground that he can not afford another term in Washington.

The boiler of Robbins' saw-mill at Middlepoint, near Lima, Ohio, exploded Friday, the engineer, John Burrows, being blown to pieces and a part of the building demolished.

Premier Mercier of Quebec made an aggressive French Canadian speech Saturday saying the province will remain loyal as long as Great Britain respects its laws, customs, and language.

The report of the Illinois weather crop service shows that there was a bountiful harvest of corn and that none of it was injured by frost. A large acreage of winter wheat is being sown.

Scotch ironmasters have given notice to their men that unless a settlement of disputes is had by Oct. 4 a wholesale lockout will take place. A crisis in the trade is impending.

Mexican exhibitors at the San Antonio, Tex., fair stated that no attempt was made to assassinate President Diaz as reported.

Notices were posted Saturday in the offices of the Edgar Thompson Steel works that all boys under 16 years of age would be discharged.

Mrs. John Devin, of Bloomfield, Iowa, was accidentally shot and killed by her brother-in-law, James Devin.

Four children of the noted infidel, Edwin T. Osbaideston, were baptised by Bishop Potter of New York.

Charles Seifert, of Lacon, Marshall county, Ills., became maddened Sunday because his daughter had married against his wishes and shot the young woman, killing her instantly. He then committed suicide. The husband of the dead woman became insane.

President Al Johnson of the Cleveland Brotherhood club announces that Mike Kelly will play with his team in '91.

L. Jenske, a farmer living near Madison, Wis., committed suicide by hanging himself to a tree.

Howell Bros., of Atchison, Kan., are putting in a crop of over 3,000 acres of wheat in Rooks county, Kan.

Over 200,000 copies of Mr. Child's "Recollections of Gen. Grant" have been sold.

John Sowders died at Riegelsville, N. J., Friday at the advaced age of 90 years. He is said to have been the oldes. Grand Army veteran in the United States.

At the meeting of the Chicago Presbytery Monday it was resolved to petition the board of education to restore the reading of the Bible in the public schools.

WHITE-CAPS IN ALABAMA.

A Widow Receives a Load of Buckshot in Her Side.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 30.—News has been received here of a horrible White-Cap outrage which occurred in Calhoun county. A band of masked men went to the house of Mrs. Jane Cody, a widow, and dragged her from bed with the intention of flogging her. They started to the woods with her, but she broke away and started to run. She had gone only a short distance when a volley was fired, and a load of buck-shot took effect in her side, inflicting a fatal wound. The White-Caps fled when the woman fell, and she lay there until morning before she was found. She was unable to describe her murderous assailants So far as known Mrs. Cody's only offense was that the gossips of the neighborhood reported that men visited her house at night. A secret band of regulators had been organized to rid the neighborhood of worthless and immoral characters. This was their last work and will probably be their last, as the sheriff is making every effort to have them identified and arrested.

A Farm Hand's Brutal Assault.

MUNCIE, Ind., Sept 30.—Benjamin Anthony, a farmer living four miles north of this city, was brutally assaulted Monday night by a farm hand named John Smiley. Smiley returned home late and procuring an ax went to the room of Anthony and struck him a heavy blow on the temple, cutting a gash five inches long. The brute then struck another blow, sinking the blade of the ax deep into his victim's thigh. Mrs. Anthony and her mother-in-law were awakened by the confusion, and, jumping up, grappled with the brute and pushed him outdoors, since which time he has not been seen. Mr. Anthony will die, as his skull is badly crushed.

To Fight Before the Olympic Club.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 30.—It is now reasonably certain that a fight will be arranged between Dempsey and Fitzsimmons, to take place before the Olympic club in this city. Dempsey wired the club to forward the articles of agreement on the basis proposed, to wit: A purse of $12,000. The date of the fight has not yet been determined, but it will probably take place the last week in October

CYRUS W. FIELD'S SUNFLOWERS.

They Are Not Only Things of Beauty, but of Utility as Well.

Tears of ecstasy would have filled the eyes of the now obsolete, but always esthetic, Oscar Wilde could he have stood and viewed the field of sunflowers cultivated by Cyrus W. Field on his country estate, Ardsley, near Tarrytown, on the Hudson. The sunflowers covered an entire acre, and with heads heavy and drooping from the recent rain they were just lifting their faces to the morning sun, their bright yellow petals in pleasing contrast with their dark center of green and brown. It was an array of giants. The tough green stalks would have averaged over six feet in height, and some of them towered up to seven feet.

But these flowers are not cultivated alone to gratify Mr. Field's æsthetic taste. The man who connected America and Europe with an electric cable is nothing if not practical. He believes in uniting beauty and utility. So, when he drives out by the sunflower grove, and his love for the beautiful is touched by that sea of bobbing yellow heads, the practical part of his nature finds solid comfort in the thought that these flowers are put to good use. Others may delight in the tender orchid or the gay chrysanthemum, with their endless variety of shades, but these are only fair to look upon. Not so with the hardy yellow bloomer, which Mr. Field loves so well.

When the frosts of autumn shrivel up the petals of the flowers and the center turns a deep, rich brown, then the tops of the flowers are carefully cut and hung up to dry. In about a month the little black flat seeds which fill the head of the flower are thrashed out and fed to the chickens in Mr. Field's extensive henneries. So, on the days when a fine specimen from the coops lies on his back, nicely browned, in the platter, with his drumsticks lifted heavenward, Mr. Field naturally reflects in the strain of the familiar nursery rhyme, "This is the cock that ate the seed that grew on the top of my sunflower weed."

And how gratifying must be the thought that the beauty of the summer has been transformed into the toothsome breast and tender wing. This reflection might escape the aforesaid Oscar, but it is no doubt a source of much pleasure to the millionaire who cultivates and admires the same flower.

"Do you sow new seeds for these sunflowers every spring?" was asked of Fred Allison, who has charge of the field.

"Yes," he said, "we plant new seed every year, and put them in hills as we sow corn. About the middle of September we cut off the tops, hang them up to dry, and in another month they are ready to shell. We mix the seeds with the other chicken feed."

"How many chickens do you keep?" he was asked.

"About two thousand," he said, "as that number takes up all the space in our three houses. From these chickens we gather over three thousand dozen eggs each year. All eggs that the families do not use we sell. There are three families to supply—Mr. Field, his son, Edward M. Field, and his son-in-law, D. A. Lindley—and they use from fifty to sixty dozen eggs a week."

"Do you keep ducks?"

"Yes, we have about six hundred ducks and about sixty geese. We sell what ducks we don't want for home use, but the chickens we keep, as the families use a great many. The three families use from fifteen to eighteen chickens, four or five ducks and about two geese a week."—New York Times.

The American colony of students and archaeologists in Athens is so large as to give a certain character to the daily life of the town. There are dozens of professors studying there whose names are well known in America.

The lacustrine and other early inhabitants of Europe are credited with having made saws of flint, and the natives of the West Indian islands had saws made of notched shells.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Rosina Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Lawrence Barrett.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Hanlon, Volter & Martinetti Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed in "Lend Me Your Wife."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Nellie McHenry in "Chain Lightning."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Around the World in Eighty Days."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Master and Man."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Beacon Lights."

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan ave., Madison, Monroe and Adams streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays excepted.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.]

"THOMAS RYAN," No. 242 Chestnut street, City—The first Fenian raid into Canada occurred in the beginning of June, 1866. The advance of the attacking force, which defeated the Canadian militia at Ridgeway, was led by Colonel, afterward General, O'Neill. The commander-in-chief was Brig-Gen. Sweeney, U.S.A., retired, who was then out of the service—ostensibly, at least. The second Fenian raid, of which Gen. John O'Neill had chief command, occurred in the latter part of May, 1870. After a couple of skirmishes at Trout River, near Malone, N. Y.; and one near St. Albans, Vt., the Fenians were obliged to retire, and Gen. O'Neill was arrested by the United States marshal. This practically ended his career as an Irish leader.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MIZNER MUST GO.

THE CITIZEN, with true regard for American national honor, has held from the first that the wretched Minister Mizner, who has disgraced his country's flag in Guatemala, should be recalled. Any attempt on the part of the administration to whitewash him could only redound to its lasting discredit. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the following significant dispatch from the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent under date, the 26th ult.:

"The administration, while at first disposed to uphold Minister Mizner in his course in the Barrundia affair, has found public opinion in the matter too strong, and it is reported in the best-informed official circles here, that the president and Mr. Blaine have finally settled the course they mean to follow in disposing of the case, by holding that Minister Mizner has failed in diplomatic tact, judgment, and discretion, and inviting him to resign the mission to Central America."

This is as it should be. No more unfortunate diplomatic "break" has been made in the history of the United States than that made by Minister Mizner. The idea of surrendering a merely political prisoner to be murdered, while the American flag floated over him, was an act of odiousness that must cling forever to the American name if the guilty parties are not made an example of. Capt. Pitts, who showed the Guatemalan officers the way to Gen. Barrundia's state room—the state-room of his guest—ought to be hanged from the yard arm of his vessel; and the two American commanders of war vessels, lying within reach, if they had cognizance of the proceedings, ought to be cashiered. As for Mizner, his place in the history of diplomacy must be infamous.

The Chicago *Tribune*, of Tuesday, referring to the probable recall of Minister Mizner says:

"In the case of Gomez, the Nicaraguan, Secretary Bayard, doubtless through ignorance, flew in the face of the precedents of thirty years and censured the American minister because he had advised the captain of the vessel on which Gomez was not to surrender him. But while Bayard decided one way the Supreme court of Nicaragua decided the other, for it held that the captain, who was tried for violating a police law of the port, was not to blame for refusing to give up his passenger.

"It is stated that the governments of Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica disapprove of the conduct of Minister Mizner in ordering the surrender of Barrundia, and that his course has shocked the feelings of the people of Central America, who had come to believe that there was safety under the shadow of the American flag.

"The minister having made such a blunder it would be a simple matter to dispose of him were it not that he followed the ruling of the last secretary of state. To remove him for following that precedent would reflect necessarily on Mr. Bayard. But President Harrison has no choice. He cannot afford to sustain a bad decision because Mr. Bayard made it. It is his duty and that of Mr. Blaine to overrule it and recall the minister who was unwise enough to follow it, and who has shown in many other instances that he is not the man for the important place he fills. He is not cut out to be a diplomatist."

The Republican party, in 1888, went to the country with the promise that the weak diplomatic acts of its political rival in office would be reversed. The administration is, of course, anxious to avoid confession of blunder, which is quite natural. Mizner was a poor appointment, to start with, and his action in Guatemala smacks of imbecility as well as cowardice. No American administration could afford to sustain such a discreditable representative. It is time to abolish him, and the president and secretary of state are wise in doing it, because American public opinion is all in that direction. *Vale* Mr. Mizner.

THAT D—D OLD HAT.

The hat, the hat,
The d—d old hat—
The hat our fathers wore,

as some cynical rascal has sung, is about to be passed around again "for the benefit of the starving Irish," as the disgusting and degrading phrase goes. The following dispatch is self explanatory:

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—An appeal will be published tomorrow to the people of America from the American committee for the relief of famine in Ireland. The most trustworthy information from public and private sources in all parts of Ireland is to the effect that the complete failure of the potato crop makes another great famine practically inevitable. The point of actual suffering from hunger has not yet been reached, but the days of starvation unless help comes, are not far off. In the last great famine in 1878-'79 the Irish leaders, Parnell, Davitt and the others who voiced the country's appeal for food, pledged themselves never again to appear as supplicants before the world on behalf of starving Ireland. So no appeal has been sent out, and probably none would come from that source until the situation became desperate and it became no less than criminal any longer to withhold it. A movement is on foot among well-known men not connected with any Irish societies or political bodies to bring to the attention of America the appalling calamity which now threatens Ireland before actual death from hunger has claimed any victims. It has been decided to organize under the name of the American Committee for the Relief of Famine in Ireland. It is proposed to make its work cover both North and South America.

The personnel of the American committee contains the following names: Chairman—Col. James Grant Wilson. Honorary Chairmen—Rutherford B. Hayes, Grover Cleveland. Vice-Chairmen—James Redpath, George Ehret, Col. Elliott F. Shepard, James Phillips, Jr. Treasurer—The New York *Sun*. Secretary—Arthur Dudley Vinton. Chauncey M. Depew has accepted the chairmanship of the subcommittee on transportation.

The appeal of the American committee recites that "the Irish leaders pledged themselves and their people in 1880 never again to appeal to America in time of famine. If their tongues and pens are silent now it is only because they recognize the sanctity of pledges then given, and not because their need is not great. But the privilege of giving is none the less ours, and the duty of aiding our starving brothers is none the less imperative.

"It will not do to wait until the Irish people have proved the existence of famine by dying by scores for lack of food. Shall men fall dead upon the public highways because Americans have said, 'We will give by and by; it is too soon now to give?' Let those who have never known the extremity of hunger remember those who starve. The Irish people need aid now. The American committee appeals for immediate contributions of money, provisions and clothing."

While grateful to the philanthropic gentlemen who have started the movement for relief, as given above, THE CITIZEN cannot help feeling a natural degree of bitterness at the humiliating pass to which Ireland has come again, through no fault whatever of her own. The island raises, easily, even in the worst years, fully five times as much as would feed her people, but the English take it all, in the shape of rents and taxes. The cormorant landlords must be paid; the soldiers and the peelers must be paid; the jailers and hangmen must be taken care of, and the English secret service corps, both in Ireland and America, must be kept up at any cost. The Nagles, the Corydons, the Kavanaghs and the Careys must be maintained in Ireland; while the "Red Jim" McDermotts and the LeCarons must be provided for elsewhere. According to LeCaron, they are not all dead here yet, and, in the light of recent developments in the Chicago press, they seem rather to be on the increase. Ireland must pay all these English pipers, who make her dance as from the bite of a tarantula, and hence her poverty. Hence the necessity for this American Famine Relief Corps.

Not alone have the Irish leaders refused to beg further, but the best and bravest of those leaders, Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien and Healy, have advised the sufferers from English rapacity to pay no rent until they have fed their families and themselves. THE CITIZEN greatly doubts whether the poor, broken down people, rendered spiritless by never ending misfortune, will have the courage to do as their best friends advised, and it will place no bar in the way of their relief, while, at the same time, it blushes for the necessity. The humiliations of the Irish race will never have an end as long as the connection of Ireland with England lasts.

HERE THEY ARE.

The Republicans of Chicago and Cook county met in convention at the hall of Battery D, on Saturday, Sept. 13, and nominated the following ticket:

For Sheriff.....James H. Gilbert
For Treasurer.....Louis Hutt
For County Clerk.....Henry Wulff
For Probate Court Clerk.....T. W. Sennott
For Criminal Court Clerk.....P. A. Sundelius
Superintendent of Schools.....A. G. Lane
County Judge.....Edward Maher
Probate Judge.....C. C. Kohlsaat
Superior Court Judges.....Farlin Q. Ball, T. Brentano
Prest. County Board...Lewis P. Harvey, (Thirty-second Ward)

COMMISSIONERS, CITY DISTRICT.

Third Ward.....Eli Smith
Fifth Ward.....Daniel Keefe
Seventh Ward.....Valentine Kopf
Eleventh Ward.....Jefferson L. Fulton
Fourteenth Ward.....John Biegen
Twelfth Ward.....W. H. Durant
Seventeenth Ward.....James Conroyd
Twentieth Ward.....Charles Griebenow
Twenty-second Ward.....M. Umbdenstock
Thirty-second Ward.....Lewis P. Harvey

COMMISSIONERS, COUNTY DISTRICT.

Bremen.....Nelson A. Cool
Oak Park.....O. D. Allen
Northfield.....Fred. N. Hoffman
Hanover.....George Struckman
Blue Island.....J. M. Green

The Democrats of Chicago and Cook County met at North Clark street Turner hall last Tuesday, and placed the following ticket in nomination:

For Sheriff.....Frank Lawler
For County Treasurer.....Charles Kern
For County Clerk.....Carl Haerting
For Supt. of Schools.....Mrs. J. A. Mulligan
For County Judge.....Frank Scales
For Probate Judge.....James H. Ward
For Superior Court Judge (long term).....George H. Kettelle
For Superior Court Judge (short term).....William E. Hughes
For Clerk of Appellate Court.....Thomas G. McElligott
For Clerk of Probate Court.....Roger Sullivan
For Clerk of Criminal Court..John C. Schubert

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—COUNTRY TOWNS:

Rogers Park.....Charles H. Wheaton
Norwood Park.....James G. Jones
Washington Heights.....Gottlieb Klein
Bremen.....William Moak
Bremen.....Michael Hoffman

The city district commissioners were not nominated.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S "LABOR WORLD."

THE CITIZEN is glad to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of Michael Davitt's new paper, the *Labor World*, which is published at No. 263 Strand, London, W.C. It is a sixteen page paper, of large size, well gotten up typographically, and filled with excellent editorial, and general news matter. The yearly subscription for Canada and the United States is 8s 8d. The *Labor World* will devote itself chiefly to the championship of the laboring classes in Great Britain, Ireland, and throughout the world. It will, of course, give a cordial support to the Irish National cause. The leading editorial says: "The *Labor World* begins its career at a time when working men and women are no longer required to beg for an advocacy of their interests in the press. Nevertheless, we have ambition to become of some service to a cause which is now enlisting under its banner some of the foremost writers of the day. We shall do our best to draw together and unite into effective solidarity the laboring population of the United Kingdom. In unity of purpose and loyalty of co-operation among the masses lies the only hope of such changes being secured in their social conditions and surroundings as will make a life of daily labor a blessing to working men and women, instead of a penal obligation."

Mr. Daulit knows all about the trials of the laboring people from practical experience, and this practical experience has given him profound sympathy with them. His paper will, undoubtedly, do much toward ameliorating their condition, and will also do a great deal toward making the British democracy more familiar with the grievances of the Irish people, and, perhaps, more ready to lend them practical aid.

The following paragraph, from another editorial, would be thought in America to savor of socialism, because, in this republic, our city landlords are a class apart and have rights which all people concede, if they do not respect. But here is what Davitt has to say on the subject:

"It (the labor principle) demands that to the community, not to the landlord, shall accrue that immense annual increment, which is due to general industry and enterprise. * * * Under the second head will come the taxation of ground values to be applied to purposes of public improvement, and the absorption by the State of mineral royalties. In London alone we pay this year to the ground landlords £15,000,000, merely for the permission to live here. This large sum is not paid for any value received; it is a fine levied on labor and invention by men who have never raised a finger to earn it, and which is increasing at such a rate as to render its possessors 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' The wealth thus poured unjustly into private coffers might, if put to public purposes, render this huge London the most attractive city in the world. And the great purposes to which it should be put are the provision of healthy dwellings and rational recreation and instruction for the people."

Mr. Davitt is, quite evidently, out of touch with the two great existing parties in English politics, because he says, further on: "The possessing classes are all banded together to protect their interests. But as John Stuart Mill said, 'One man with a conviction is worth a hundred men with only interest.' And if one man can be so strong, how strong may not millions of honest, hard working men—English, Irish, Scottish, Welsh—be? The old programme is played out, and we are all growing heartily sick of mere wire pulling and routine party politics."

Nevertheless, THE CITIZEN thinks, the two old parties of England, like those of America, will hold out for a long time, and the labor movement in Great Britain can only become really formidable when it is in a position to dictate terms, by holding the balance of power, to one or the other. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that Mr. Davitt's paper will do much toward placing the labor movement among the British on a more formidable foundation, and that many reforms will be won from the traditional politicians of the "United Kingdom" within a very few years.

ENGLISH OFFICIAL FALSEHOODS.

The "fatal drain" of Ireland's lifeblood proceeds apace. From the annual report of the British register general for 1889, it appears that "both births and deaths were under the annual average of the preceeding ten years, while the marriage rate, absolutely as well as in proportion to the estimated population, was above the average. The population is estimated at 4,730,566, being nearly half a million less than in 1881, the recorded natural increase of population being converted into a decrease of 45,544 by reason of emigration. The registered births numbered 107,841, and were at the rate of 23.8 per 1,000. Of the provinces, Connacht had the lowest birth rate and Ulster the highest. The registered number of deaths was 82,908, being 17.5 per 1,000. The death rate in Connacht was only 13.4 per 1000, the rates in Munster, Ulster and Leinster having been respectively 15.1, 16.8, and 18.3 per 1,000 of the population at last census. Of the counties, Dublin had the highest rate—namely, 24.5, and Galway the lowest, 11.8 per 1,006. The marriages in 1889 were 21,521 in number or 4.55 per 1,000 of population. Of the husbands 79.8 per cent and of the wives 78.0 per cent wrote their names in the registers, as compared with the respective proportions of 71.5 and 66.3 per cent in 1888. The percentage of marriages of minors is very far below the corresponding rates of England and Scotland. The number of emigrants who left Ireland during 1889 was 70,477, or 14.9 per 1,000 of estimated population, 15.5 being the annual average of the preceeding ten years. The population decreased in 1889 by 45,544. The great cause of Ireland's decline is the lack of merchantable deposits of coal and iron, the possession of which by Scotland has been the making of that country. Ireland has practically no manufactures, for the lack of cheap coal to furnish power to propel machinery. Coal and iron are the sinews and muscles of manufactures."

The last two paragraphs in the quotation bear the ancient ear marks of England's lying genius in attempting to explain the blight of her rule in Ireland. The whole world knows that "the great cause of Ireland's decline" is not the lack of merchantable deposits of coal, etc., but the unmerchantable deposits of English thieves and murderers, in the shape of civil and military officials, in that country. Ireland has "practically no manufactures," because the union with England killed them. One of the chief objects of the union, as will be seen by reference to the articles of that so-called treaty, was the abolition of protective duties established by the Irish parliament. The second section of Article VI. of the Union "treaty" says: "That, from the first day of January, 1801, all prohibitions and bounties on the export of articles, the growth, produce, or manufacture of either country, to the other, shall cease and determine; and that the said articles shall thenceforth be exported from one country to the other, without duty or bounty on such export."

This was a genuine case of "heads I win; tails you lose." England, having the great advantage of capital, skill and large population, could very easily afford to admit Irish goods free, while with Ireland the reverse was the fact. The latter country was just emerging from the cloud of William III's anti-woolen laws, and from the general stagnation of the ultra penal times, when Pitt and Castlereagh, aided by the traitor majority of the limited and sectarian Irish parliament, carried through the act of union. From that day to this, the manufactures of Ireland have been declining. For a time, her agricultural products increased in value, and, even without manufactures to speak of, she supported in comparative comfort nearly nine millions of people, until the awful potato blight of 1846-50 gave England the much coveted chance to destroy her physical strength. This England has successfully accomplished. When England, Wales and Scotland had only 24,000,000 between them, the nine millions of Ireland were something to be respectfully considered. Now the Irish are only four millions and three-quarters. England, Wales and Scotland are over 30,000,000. Wales and Scotland yield to Ireland's claim for self government, but the dominant nation remains obdurate. She has no respect for the demands of 4,780,000 of the Irish people, especially when she claims that over a million are for the union.

Miss Mary Banim, a lady of great talent and research, has been writing a series of letters on the material resources of Ireland, most of which have been republished in THE CITIZEN. She has asked why the machinery used in the manufacture of the one remaining Irish industry—linen—cannot be produced in Ireland, as well as the linen itself. The answer is easy. The British register general has been, for generations, assuring the world that Ireland has no mineral wealth, and the lie has come to be believed, as lies, sufficiently repeated, are always sure to be believed by a large proportion of mankind. When John Randolph, of Roanoke, told the American house of representatives, in 1826, that "our climate forbids us to manufacture" a large number of people believed with him. It was the cry of the slaveholders for obviously selfish purposes. We know today how absurdly erroneous Mr. Randolph's declaration was. So, too, the English assure the world, at every opportunity, that Ireland is a purely agricultural country, and that her conditions "forbid her to manufacture."

The fact of the matter is, England has never allowed Irish resources to be developed. The late Prof. W. K Sullivan, of the Cork Queen's College, proved conclusively, before committees of the house of commons, that Ireland possessed large, and workable, resources of coal and other minerals. But all capital, both English and Irish, is diverted from Ireland by the terrible imperial system. The English manufacturers, free to import what goods they please to Ireland without cost, have destroyed or crippled her manufactures; the Anglo-Irish landlords, permitted to extort a rental that the most fertile country in the world could not stand, have ruined her agriculturists. Both these conditions are clearly traceable to English rule—Ireland is ruled for the English, not for the Irish. Therefore, there is only one hope for Ireland, and that hope, at present, is but a dim one—the utter overthrow of England's government in the subject country.

SEVERAL dozen of the personal friends of the Hon. William J. Hynes gave that gentleman a complimentary banquet at the Palmer House on Monday night. Mr. Hynes made a long speech, in which he dwelt touchingly on Irish scenery. There was no disturbance.

PERSONAL.

Irish Americans are coming to the front in New Mexico. Mr. M. Cronin, candidate for probate judge of Lincoln, N.M., is more widely known throughout the Territory than any man on the ticket. The Democrats throughout the Territory are being congratulated upon this excellent nomination. As chairman of the county board, Mr. Cronin has done most worthy service, and through his clear judgment and well-directed efforts the best interests of the county have been conserved. Mr. Cronin has made an excellent official, and he will make a most worthy judge.—*Boston Pilot.*

Chicago's American Party.

The new party in Chicago, which is composed in part of Orangemen and their half-brothers, the American Protestant Association, is not like the American party of California. The American Protestant Association is largely composed of that class of Irishmen who are known among their countrymen as Far Downs, the shipwrights, caulkers, etc., of Belfast, who have all the prejudices and few of the principles of Protestantism. They differ from the Orangemen only in name, the first of their associations having taken the name because the real title implied British allegiance. For such men to profess opposition to foreign influence in American politics is a bit of impudence that is about equal to that of the Chinaman who denounced an Italian on the Levee a few months ago as "——folleigner."

The organization of Orangemen is a proscriptive one. One of the favorite mottoes of its members is: "Keep no faith with a Catholic." Their favorite toast is: "The glorious, pious and immortal memory of the good King William, who saved us from popery, knavery, slavery, brass money and wooden shoes." It is the organization which is responsible for the disgraceful riots that have taken place in the United States, as well as in British cities on St. Patrick's Day, the 1st and 12th of July, by the insults and taunts of its members to Catholics and those who are devoted to the cause of Irish freedom. It is a monarchical organization, and it is only attracted to an American party by the hatred of its members for Catholics and Irish freedom. If the new American party expects to gain any public favor it will not countenance either the Orangemen or their offshoot, the American Protestant Association, which is a caricature on Christianity.—*Stockton (Cal.) Independent.*

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

THE WINDY HALLS OF WESTMINSTER.

The reports of the debates of the last session of parliament compiled by Hansard occupies just 14,800 pages, of which 700 were devoted to the navy, 850 to India, and 900 to the army, 1,450 to Scotland, and 4,700, or nearly one-third of the whole to Ireland.

A SAD CASE.

A very painful scene was witnessed in New Ross recently. A man named Kennedy, a resident of the county Carlow, fell to the ground from sheer want and hunger. Some stimulant was procured, with the result that consciousness was restored. It was said that for the past two days he had eaten nothing, and was dying slowly of hunger. The police arrived, and he was conveyed in a dying state to the workhouse. He was once a wealthy farmer.

A LARGE LENS.

Sir Howard Grubb, the well known astronomical instrument maker, Dublin, has almost completed the large lens for the Greenwich observatory upon which he has been working for some time. It will be the largest telescope glass in Europe, the only larger one in existence being at the famous Lick observatory in California.

FELL FROM THE WINDOW.

On Sept. 7 a woman named Frances Maguire, living at No. 31 Cumberland street, Dublin, fell out through the window of her room on to the iron railing beneath, one of the iron spikes piercing her head. Her injuries were of such a nature that it is believed she cannot recover.

ACCIDENT AT A HORSE RACE.

A serious accident occurred at Seafield-Gorey, residence of Mr. Doyne, where sports were being held. During a horse race a rider named Byrne came in collision with a stout post, receiving severe injuries.

OTTER HUNTERS.

A party of English otter hunters, who are on another visit to Enniscorthy, their favorite resort, proceeded to hunt along the Urrin starting at St. John's Mills. They enjoyed a good day's sport, the weather being very fine.

THE BANAGHER FAIR.

All parties were disappointed at the Banagher fair at the opening to see plenty of buyers and sellers, but each party holding off. The green held about 11,000 sheep, nearly 2,000 under last year. Rams ruled high, and in this class Mr. Bannaghan, of Roscommon, exhibited fourteen, a portion of his great stud. These fetched from £5 to £8 10s each, the latter price more frequent. As for wethers, there were few offers, though some went at 54s 6d, the highest price given. Some of the flocks of ewes were very poor in quality, and went from 40s to 45s, the better class going from 45s to 51s 6d. This shows a decrease on previous years of 4s to 5s each—a very sharp fall.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Leinster winter assizes will be held in Maryborough.

Edward Cosgrove has been elected medical officer of the Kilcock dispensary district, Kildare.

George Knight has been appointed clerk of the crown and peace for the county Meath, in the room of A. D. Nicolls, deceased.

On Sept. 12 a still used for illicit distillation was seized in Merville avenue, Fairview, Dublin. One man was arrested.

On Sept. 6 an old man named Laurence Scriggins, Enniscorthy, fell as if in a swoon outside the railway station, and died shortly afterwards.

The Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," paid a visit to Ireland on the 18th ult. Apartments had been engaged for her by the Earl of Meath at the Royal Marine Hotel, Bray.

An old soldier named Hayden, who resided at Barrack lane, New Ross, and who was known as "Johnny the Medals," died recently.

MUNSTER.

TIRED OF SOLDIERING.

Three privates of the West York regiment, at present quartered in Fermoy, deserted, but were captured in Mitchelstown. They all stated that they were tired of military service.

MORIARTY-LOCHINVAR.

John Moriarty has been arrested at Foyne, county Limerick, on the charge of eloping with a girl under 18 years of age, daughter of his employer, Mrs. Lynch, of Clarecastle, county Clare.

MORE POWER TO THEIR ELBOWS.

The Ballyduff League, it is rumored, intends to get up a pony and donkey race meeting in opposition to landlord-patronized horse races in a neighboring city. The meeting should be a success, as most of the members are noted donkey breeders!

GOD IS GOOD TO THE IRISH.

One Sunday evening recently, after the arrival of the train from Waterford at Tramore, the engine was detached from the carriages and drew up to to the turntable, which is connected with the main line by a rail running at the rear of the terminus shed. An excursionist named Power lay down beside the rail at the rear of the shed. The engine having been turned on the table proceeded along towards the main line, the wheels passing over the top of Power's boot, cutting clean off the

leather of the toe and a portion of his sock. The only injury that the sleeper sustained was that the nail of the big toe and that of the toe adjoining of the left foot were crushed off.

EVICTED.

Three tenants on the estate of Captain Stokes, named David and Edmond Connor and John Brosnan, were evicted from their holdings at Bawnlea, Castleisland, for non payment of rent. When the sheriff's bailiffs arrived one year's rent and costs were offered by the tenants, but the agent, on behalf of the landlord, would not accept it.

THE DALY MEMORIAL FUND.

Some sensation has been caused in Midleton by Archbishop Croke subscribing £1 towards the Daly Memorial Fund. Daly was a Fenian, who was shot in the Fenian rising by a policeman near Castlemartyr. A few weeks ago the Very Rev. Canon Fitzpatrick, P.P., of Midleton, had torn off the chapel gate placards inviting subscriptions, and spoke at mass against the fund. This makes the Archbishop's subscription all the more remarkable.

A ROW IN ROSCREA.

A disturbance arose in Roscrea between some men of the Royal Berkshire Regiment and a number of civilians. During the row a number of the combatants on either side received rather severe usage. It appears that the same company had been stationed in Roscrea about twelve months ago, when a similar occurrence took place.

WEST CLARE RAILWAY.

Mr. William M. Murphy, M.P., director of the West Clare Railway, promoter and contractor of the South Clare Railway, reached Miltownmalbay, accompanied by the solicitor to the South Clare Railway Company, Arthur O'Connor. The object is to buy up the lands along the route from Kilrush and Kilkee via Moyasta, so that the work may be commenced immediately to meet the lack of labor and the failure of the potato crop in this district. The first sod was turned at Kilrush by the Very Rev. Dr. White, P.P., V.G.

CHARGED WITH ROBBERY.

Thomas Griffin, John Harrington, and Harry Walsh, laborers, were charged at Tralee petty sessions before Col. Rowan, with highway robbery near Ballyseedy. The evidence went to show that O'Brien and Myles Mahony were proceeding home with a jinnet and car containing flour, groceries, and a jar of porter. Stones were flung at O'Brien, his jinnet and car were upset, and the jar of porter taken away. The flour was also taken but given back again. The prisoners stated that they found the porter on the road. They were sent for trial to the quarter sessions, bail being refused.

O'DWYER VS DILLON.

Bishop O'Dwyer sent for the prior of the order of Franciscans at Limerick, and informed him that if the Franciscans usurped the functions of his parochial clergy, whom he had prohibited from continuing to officiate for the Temperance Society who had joined the Dillon side in the recent controversy, certain privileges would be withdrawn from them. A discussion took place, and ultimately it was arranged that the temperance society men should abstain from attending the Franciscan church, pending the result of a communication to the provincial of the Order of Franciscans.

STABBED TO DEATH.

A horrible murder was committed within a mile of the village of Ballingarry of a farmer named McGrath, aged 46 years, and father of six children. After supper he walked into his yard in front of the door of his house, when he was set upon by two men, one of whom stabbed him to the heart with a knife. McGrath was a member of the committee of the National League, and the reason alleged for the murder is that he gave shelter to an evicted tenant named Maher, whose evicted farm is being worked as a colliery, and it is stated that two of the colliers were McGrath's assailants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Limerick races will be held on Oct. 9 and 10.

A farmer named Barry and his two sons have been arrested at Garvillaun, county Limerick, on a charge of being in possession of dynamite with an unlawful object.

The Ballingarry athletic sports were a great success. Messrs Britt, Drangan, Maher, Killenaule, Bergin, Kilmanagh, and Lannigan and Kelly, Ballingarry, were the principal prize-winners.

A very remarkable occurrence took place near Poulmucka recently. The entire premises of Michael Buckley, Knocknabo, from which he had been evicted a short time ago by F. W. Lowe, Kilshane, were set on fire and completely burned down.

The residence of Mr. O'Sullivan, at Shanakill, near Millstreet, was visited by three disguised moonlighters, who abstracted £45 in cash from his desk, after having made an unsuccessful search for firearms. The house at the time was occupied only by Mrs. O'Sullivan, her daughter and some female servants.

Fire broke out on the premises of Messrs. McKay, drapers, at Carrick-on-Suir, and damage to the extent of £3,000 was done. No insurance.

At Killarney, on Sept. 12, a farmer named Timothy Murphy and a laborer named Edward McCarthy, in his employment, were returned for trial on charges of horse stealing and killing a bullock, the property of the Land Corporation. At the same petty sessions a man named Michael McCarthy was sent to jail for six months for an assault on his wife, and for two months further for an assault on his child, a girl aged four years.

The condition of Dr. White, Macroom, who contracted blood poisoning while attending the girl Margaret Sullivan, the victim of the vitriol outrage, is up to the present such as to cause the gravest fears for his ultimate recovery.

At the petty sessions, Miltownmalbay, before Mr. Harper, R.M., and Capt. Ellis, J.P., the fishery conservators summoned J. Rourke and M. Shanahan for fishing with a net on the Dough river. Defendants were fined in the full penalty, £3 each, the net to be forfeited.

John Dillon is to be presented with the freedom of Cork city.

The funeral of Mr. Edmond Daly, brother of John Daly, who is at present confined in Chatham prison, took place at Limerick. Several thousand persons walked in procession through the streets, bearing draped flags. At the grave Mr. P. Hoctor addressed those present, eulogizing the character of the deceased, who was well known and respected in Nationalist circles in Limerick.

CONNAUGHT.

SERIOUS TIMES.

An influentially attended public meeting was held in Ballycastle to urge the extension of the Ballina and Killala Railway on to Ballycastle, and then by the north coast route into Belmullet. The Rev. J. Timlin, P.P., said in his thirty-seven years' experience of the district he had never known the potato crop to be so bad. This statement was confirmed by the Rev. W. Wilkins, the Protestant rector of the parish, who said that it was the imperative duty of the government to look to the very serious times before the people.

AN EQUAL SHOW.

On the motion of the chairman, T. H Egan, seconded by Mr. J. McPhilpin, the Tuam town commissioners unanimously passed a resolution to have all their advertisements in future published in the Irish language, side by side with the same in English.

TWO MEN DROWNED.

Two men were drowned recently between the mainland and Innismurray, County Sligo. A boat containing four men, Martin Herraghty, "King of the Island," his nephew, and two others, put off for the island, and having got out some distance, was by some means capsized. Herraghty and his nephew were both drowned, but the other two were saved. The bodies have not been recovered.

STRIKE AT GALWAY.

A meeting of the Dock Laborers' society was held at the Young Ireland Hall, Mr. T. O'Sullivan, T. C., in the chair, for the purpose of coming to a conclusive decision as to the wages per day to be charged for the unloading of ships' cargoes. Hitherto the rate of wages has been for sailing vessels 3s, and steamboats 4s. This rate was considered too low, and resolutions were passed that in future the wages for sailing vessels should be 4s, and steamboats 5s per day. Brokers and ship captains refused to pay such a figure, and consequently all the body of laborers have struck work, and even refused to work in the merchants' stores at less than 4s a day, which has been determinedly refused.

SACRED VOWS.

Seven postulants received the holy habit of St. Francis, and entered into their novitiate at the Franciscan Monastery, Arnadown, county Galway. On the same occasion six novices made their profession of the sacred vows, consecrating themselves to the Order of St. Francis. The names of the novices are as follows: Bro. Patrick (Willie O'Brien, Kilbeheny, county Limerick); Bro. Columba, (Thomas Quoyle, Ballieboro', Cavan); Bro. Mell (Patrick McGovern, Leitrim); Bro. Benignus (Jeremiah Buckley, Drumcollogher, county Limerick); Bro. Dermott (Peter Healy, Williamstown, Galway); Bro. Colman (Thomas Feehan, Island, King's County); Bro. Kevin (John Boland, Island, King's County.) The names of the newly professed are: Bro. Kieran (Michael Buckley, Drumcollogher, county Limerick); Bro. Anthony (Patrick Daly, Durrow, King's County); Bro. Jarlath (Patrick Edwards, Corofin, county Clare); Bro. Malachy (Francis Monaghan, Belfast); Bro. Aloysius (Michael Killian, Clare, King's County); Bro. Finbar (Thomas Boland, Kilkerrin, Galway.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The work along the River Suck from Athleague to Castlecoote is progressing very favorably. Large employment is given in the district.

A conference of officers of branches of the National League was recently held at Smyth's Hotel, Strokestown. Delegates were present from Tulsk—Messrs. P. Clabby, P. Shanaher, L. Shannon, M. Donaver. Kiltrustan—P. Corcoran, P. McDermott, P. Lynch. Kilmore—P. Fitzsimons. Kilbride North—E. Noone. Cesnaska—M. Noone, T. Holden. The object of the meeting was to organize a county committee.

John Costelloe, school teacher, Ballygar, died recently.

At Tuam, on Sept. 6, the two Misses Costelloe were received into the Presentation Convent, in the presence of a large and respectable circle of friends. The two young ladies are daughters of Michael J. Costelloe, Esq., P. L. G., Grand Lodge.

John Flynn left Tuam recently for Australia.

The steamship Nestorian, of the Allan line, from Glasgow, called into Galway, en route for Boston, and embarked 126 passengers.

Father McCarthy, of St. Joseph's, Galway, left for Australia recently.

The following changes of curates have taken place in the diocese of Tuam: Father Gleeson to Kilconly; Father McHugh to Bekan; Father McGirr to Dunmore; Father Freely to Knock; Father Kilkenny to Louisburgh; Father Godfrey to Annaghdown; Father Healy, of Cloonberne, to the College; Father Donnellan, lately ordained, to Cloonberne.

Patrick Egan, of Cashrack National School, has been promoted to first division of first class, and Miss Egan, of Glenisland, to second division of third class.

At the Roscommon market, on Sept. 13, potatoes went as high as 4s a cwt., and new oats 18s per barrel.

On Sept. 6, Mr. Brennan, a returned American, at a public auction, on the courthouse grounds, at Roscommon, purchased for £480 Mr. Robinson's holding at Carrowcrin, comprising a good residence, with offices, two orchards, and 27 acres of land.

ULSTER.

REMARKABLE CASE IN DERRY.

Three respectable young men, named John Moore, apprentice in a butter factory, and George and Andrew Reid, students, were each sentenced to six months' hard labor by the magistrates for a series of systematic larcenies of butter, chiefly from Mr. McCandlass Moore. The case disclosed some extraordinary features. The prisoners were discovered carrying three butts of butter through the streets and were arrested. The police came on a regular butter and egg store, evidently owned by Reid. Skeleton keys were discovered, and documents found showing that stolen butter in large quantities was sold in Glasgow.

MADE TWO ELEGANT SPEECHES.

Messrs. John O'Connor, M. P., Tipperary, and Joseph Nolan, M. P., North Louth, paid a visit to Rostrevor after the Dundalk Amnesty meeting yesterday, and were accompanied by Messrs. Joseph Maxwell, T. C., Dundalk; Carroll, Joseph Johnson and others. On their return journey they paid a visit to Mr. Daniel Lennon, Railway Hotel, Dublin Bridge. After a short time a large crowd assembled in front, and Messrs. O'Connor and Nolan then addressed the meeting.

MR. KNOX IS A FAVORITE.

Mr. Knox, M.P. for West Cavan, visited Belturbet to meet his constituents for the first time, and he received a very warm and hearty reception. The attendance was very large. The following clergymen were present: Rev. James Dunne, P.P., Rev. J. McHugh, C.C., Belturbet; Rev. Father Farrelly, P.P., Ballyhaise; Rev. J. Shannon, C.C., Milltown; Rev. T. Masterson, C.C., Redhills; Rev. F. Teevan, Adm., Cavan; Rev. P. O'Reilly, C.C., Kinawley, and all the members of the corporation of Belturbet.

SHOCKING FATALITY IN BELFAST.

Early one morning a man named John McCluskey walked out of a lodging house in Carrick Hill, and was fatally injured. It appears that the deceased usually resided at 51 Fleet street, but owing to domestic disarrangements, became a lodger in the house of Mrs. Griffiths, Carrick Hill. He went to bed under the influence of drink, and awoke about four o'clock in the morning. He fancied himself to be still in the Fleet street house and walked out of the window and fell to the street below. When picked up he was unconscious. His back was broken.

PUT WHERE A DOG WONT BITE HIM.

At Falcarragh Petty Sessions a bailiff named Robert Bankhead was committed for trial on a charge of firing his revolver at a woman named Magee, whose cattle he had seized for trespassing on an evicted farm. His defense was that he had fired, not at the woman, but at a dog which had bitten him formerly, and which he said was being hunted at him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At Dungannon Petty Sessions, Mr. W. Chamber, J. P., presiding, District Inspector Geo. Holmes, charged John McFarlane, a bailiff's assistant, with firing with a revolver at John Hewton on the 30th of August. The accused was returned for trial.

On Sept. 6, a quay laborer named Peter O'Rourke was killed while discharging coal at Merchants' quay, Newry, from a steamer.

The new Albert bridge, at Belfast, was formally "opened" on Sept. 6. It takes the place of the old "halfpenny" bridge which collapsed in 1886, and is free to the public.

The directors of the Ulster bank, Belfast, have declared a dividend at the rate of 18 per cent annum for the half year ending 31st August, 1890, and have given their officers a bonus of 10 per cent on their salaries.

Matrimonial.

O'CONNOR-BARRY.

Miss Nellie Barry, daughter of Mrs Ellen Barry, was married on Wednesday evening to Mr. James O'Connor. The ceremony occurred at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Father Butler officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Lizzie Barry, and the groom by Mr. Richard Burke.

ALL SORTS FROM IRISH PAPERS.

The Irish registar-general's report shows that the estimated population of Ireland in the middle of the year was 4,760,566, the loss by emigration being 70,477, showing a decrease of 45,544 in the population during the year.

Not a single death from small-pox was registered in Ireland last year.

Mr. Eugene Davis will write the ode for the Mathew centenary in Cork.

At a recent conference of Irish peers on the subject of the lord lieutenancy of Ireland there was practical unanimity of opinion that the office should be abolished and a secretary of state appointed. Only one peer voted in favor of its retention, and his vote had little significance, as he is often in a minority of one on most questions.

Michael Creaghe was charged with having assaulted Michael O'Brien, a private in the Royal Irish regiment at Clonmel, on Sept. 6. Defendant pleaded guilty. Michael O'Brien sworn, stated that defendant ran after him, and without getting the least provocation, tripped him up and struck him on the mouth. Defendant said that he was never an enemy to soldiers. He always stood up for them (laughter.) Mr. Michael Ryan—Two months' imprisonment, with hard labor.

At a meeting in support of the Dungarvan bakers, at present on strike, held in that town recently, Mr. T. O'Connor, T. C., was moved to the chair, and made the following sweeping denial of a statement made by an unpopular person, a master baker named Dunlea: "He should tell them that foul and rotten must be the atmosphere that gave birth to such a creature. In this emergency letter Dunlea stated that he (Mr. O'Connor) was a shoemaker, and that he kept ten or thirteen shoemakers at work a few years ago, and that he evicted all these shoemakers, and the greater part of them died in the workhouse. In the first place he (Mr. O'Connor) should say he was not a shoemaker. He was a broguemaker (cheers.) So much for the truth of this emergency Dunlea's letter-writer, and he had never kept ten or thirteen shoemakers at work. He had certainly got some shoes made, and he still got them made today, but he never kept more than four or five shoemakers in his time, but he had kept a greater number of broguemakers. When Dunlea said that they had died in the workhouse he stated a damnable lie (cheers.) Of the *four* shoemakers he had, *three* were in America, *one* in Queenstown, and *another* in Middleton, and are not in the workhouse, but were workingmen today (cheers.) Of the broguemakers he had, some were in Dungarvan today, and some in America, so they could see clearly this emergency Dunlea and his emergency letter writers were a parcel of humbugs (cheers)." According to Mr. O'Connor it would appear that shoemakers and broguemakers should not be confounded, but that the latter rank far higher in the social scale.

A man named Delany applied to the Kilkenny board to have his children allowed into the workhouse and he would be satisfied to pay 4s a week towards their support.

Chairman—Have we power to do that?

Master—Four shillings would not be enough for these children.

Delany—If you do not admit them I will have to come in myself.

Chairman—It is a pity to have such children as those here.

Alderman Rowan—What wages have you?

Delany—Twelve shillings a week.

Alderman Rowan—That is not too bad. You should be able to support them outside out of that.

Delany—It is for the sake of the schooling and to keep them clean I am putting them into the house.

Mr. Walsh—Why do you not get some person to care them for you?

Mr. Murphy (R. C)—His wife is dead.

Mr. Walsh—What guarantee have we that he will pay the four shillings a week?

Chairman—None.

Delany—You will get it from Mr. Healy, my employer. I am willing to pay four shillings and no more.

Alderman Rowan—It is not in the power of the board to take them in.

Delany—If I pay won't they be taken in?

Mr. Molony—The head of a family must come in with his family except in cases of sickness.

Mr. Walsh—Why didn't you get them into the industrial school?

Delany—I do not want to part with them at all.

Alderman Rowan—We cannot take them in.

Delany—Then you must take me into the house with them.

Alderman Rowan—Very well, then, seek admission from Mr. Murphy in the the proper way. This is not the place to get a ticket.

Delany—If you do not take them in I will get a ticket and come in myself with them tonight.

Mr. Murphy (R. C.)—There is no use threatening us; if you want to get them in you are going the wrong way about it.

Mr. Walsh—Have you a house of your own?

Delany—I have.

Mr. Walsh—When you leave the house you should get in some person to take care of the children.

Delany—Won't I pay four shillings a week for their support here, and what more do you want? You must admit them.

Chairman—We can do nothing for you.

Delany—Well, I will come in myself tonight.

Alderman Rowan—We cannot take you in except you are disemployed.

Delany—I will disemploy myself tonight.

Alderman Rowan—If you disemploy yourself Mr. Murphy will not give you a ticket I am sure.

Delany—I will go tonight and get a ticket and come into the workhouse myself.

Alderman Rowan—We can do nothing for you.

Delany left the room declaring he would disemploy himself and get a ticket and go into the workhouse with his children.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

The Only One.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The berth reading lamp feature in the Pullman Sleeping Cars run on these lines is patented, and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

For tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and all information, apply at the company's ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, or at its passenger station, Madison, Canal and Adams streets.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A WINNING WORK.

Compendium of Press Criticisms of Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac."

The Leading American, Irish and British Newspapers Praise It.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when entrapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pin Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

A FACE.

Hast thou eaten of pomegranates that thine eyes
Hold the look of one who ever faintly sighs
For a land of blessed shadow, strangely sweet,
Where a king in days long vanished stayed thy feet?

Hast thou eaten of pomegranates that thy mouth
Bears the stain of that rare fruitage from the south?
Is it that which through thy pulses soft has stirred,
O'er thy cheeks its red wine flooding at a word?

Some day as we stand a-dreaming there shall ring
Clang from silver bitted horses of the king.
We shall turn to give thee question, wonder eyed,
But to find that thou hast vanished from our side.

O'er the belted lees sweet humming there shall fall
Far and near throughout the morning tender call.
As we wander, heart a-hungered, for some trace
In the meadows and the pastures of thy face

Mourning Ceres long went calling, worn and faint,
Till at last the gods gave answer to her plaint:
But for us no sleepless Ida watch doth keep,
All the old gray gods of Hellas lie asleep

Back the silver bitted horses ne'er shall bring
She who ate of red pomegranates with the king.
—Overland Monthly

A WITCH BEWITCHED.

A water lily fell at Mona's bare feet. She knew quite well what it meant. She knew whose boat was coming around the bend in the river, but she did not stir nor look up. She was leaning against the old oak tree at the water's edge, and idly picking to pieces a spray of goldenrod. The sunbeams sifted through the tree and flickered over the dusky head, slipped down past the lowered lashes, kissed the dimples on the bare elbows. The oars in the water ceased their regular plash and the boat glided up to where she stood.

The bits of goldenrod floated by on each side.

"An', Mona, did ye have no greetin' for me? Why did ye come?"

Mona drops the last scrap of flowers and looks at him.

"Is it that you think I have come here to you?" she laughs. "Gerald, sure ye don't think that?"

"And why not?" he says, in an injured way. "I told ye Sunday I was goin' to the Shallows; didn't I ask ye thin to come down?"

"Perhaps," she says. "I have forgot. I came down to pick the cress; 'tis busy I am."

So she flashes one glance at him and picks up her basket, as yet empty.

"Cress! Why, Mona," he says, "come, get ye into the boat. This cress is not half so lush as some a bit further. Come on," he urges.

Mona hesitates, and swings the basket up and down. Back across the green slope of land she looks, across the stile and just beyond the hill, where a faint film of smoke creeps up curling from the little chimney barely visible.

Gerald follows her gaze. "Come, Mona," he says. "They won't miss ye."

"Well," she says slowly, "well." In reality she is longing to go, but of course it would not do to let him see it. "Ye needn't help me. I can get in."

Lightly he dips his oars, and they glide down the river. Mona laughs.

"They will be after me soon," she says. "Aunt Mollie will be a-callin' me, but she won't know; will she, Gerald?"

"No, colleen," answers Gerald in delight at the smiling face she turns to him. He rests his oars in the oarlocks and lets the boat drift.

"Mona," he says, bending toward her, "Mona, listen"——

"An' won't I catch it, too: she says with a peal of laughter, as though catching it would be a festive occasion. "Here's the place: yes, Gerald?"

"Yes," he answers moodily. "Wait, I'll get the stuff; ye needn't move."

She catches hold of the bending branch of willow and draws the boat close in shore. One small bare foot swings back and forth in the water as she balances herself on the prow and hums softly to herself. She knows he is angry; she guesses what he had started to say to her a moment ago, but what does she care for that? The lips are demure and serious as she thanks him, but the violet eyes are laughing.

"Gerald," she says, when the oars commenced to move, "Aileen's here."

"Aileen?"

"Yes. She has the chance to see us now while Lady Lindores is at home. She is still my lady's maid, ye know, Aileen is, and it's myself would like to be in her place."

"Mona! Ye would like to go away from—from Kilgarnock?"

"Yes," she cries, "surely."

The boat's keel ran up to the landing place. She jumped out and then turned away with the basket in her hand. One glance she gave him over her shoulder.

"An' would ye care, Gerald?"

"Faith, 'tis not the likes of me she would be afther plasin'," he said to himself as he watched the little figure trip up the green sward and over the stile.

He forgot about the fishing expedition he had planned. He leaned back in the boat and fell to thinking. All the witches in the world are not yet suppressed: there are still some few left to tangle up the senses of a man and leave him in bewilderment. The witch in Kilgarnock must have taken up her abode in Mona Carey's small head. To torment the lads of the village, to beguile and capture each unsuspecting heart, were accomplishments in which long practice had made her perfect. There seemed such a sunshiny atmosphere always around her that it made her as dangerous as she was lovable and winning.

Unlucky Gerald! All her life he had known her, even back to the time when she had begun to talk in broken baby phrases.

Although he was years older than she Mona treated him in the same careless, laughing way in which she did all the other suitors. And though not one of them could boast of any especial mark of favor, yet each one believed himself to be ahead in the race—each one except Gerald Shearn. Daily he questioned himself, tried to understand her; "but no," he thought bitterly, "it's an omadhaun I am; she laughs at me."

With all the love of his passionate, Irish nature he loved the maid, worshiped pretty Mona, who would look at him so roguishly from under long lashes and would not listen. And now he heard her voice calling:

"Lightfoot, Lightfoot, come up, come up; come to me, accushla!" and the tinkle of the cowbell echoed back again. He pictured her sitting on the little stool and milking the cow; he knew how she would look—he had often watched her. The sleeves of her frock would be pushed up over her round arm, the dark rings of her hair would lie loosely over her head and float against the dull dun of the cow's side. He imagined he could hear her talking and cooing to old Lightfoot, who seemed to him so unappreciative.

He remembered Aileen. She and Mona were about the same age, but so unlike in appearance that kinship would have never been suspected. While Mona was rather below the average height Aileen was above it; Mona's curly tresses were black as midnight, and Aileen's bronze gold.

It had been a proud moment to them all when my Lady Lindores sent for Aileen to come to the "big house," as the tenantry all termed the great stone mansion, and prouder still when my lady made known her wishes that Aileen should accompany her as maid.

Not a throb of jealousy quickened Mona's pulses at Aileen's good fortune. She rejoiced with her cousin, and was unfeignedly glad. And now my Lord and Lady Lindores were home for a short while after a year of absence, and Aileen was back once more in the home of her childhood. With tears of delight her mother and Mona greeted the traveler, her father surveyed her with complacent pride and approval; to them she was more beautiful than ever.

The month drew to a close. The "big house" would soon be empty again and silent. The days had been busy ones; new cottages had been erected, new barns and buildings; the wide estates had been refenced and improved. And now all would be quiet till winter, when it was expected that the mansion would be filled with a merry crowd of guests and the logs would blaze on the hearths, making Christmas cheer.

My lord and lady, alike beloved by their people, had been planning some amusement for them as an appropriate and welcome wind up of the work. The wide new barn seemed particularly adapted for the purpose, and Lord Lindores announced that here he would give a dance and bountiful supper.

Mona slipped down to the river, in glee at the good news Aileen had just brought to her. She swung herself up to a limb that reached half way over the water, and scrambled recklessly out upon it till the bough swayed.

"Gerald!" she called, looking eagerly down the river. "Hi, Gerald!"

He was not in sight, but she thought he would probably be just around the bend, fishing. In one moment the familiar faded red boat came swinging around.

"Come here, Gerald, jist as quick as ye can!" she calls quivering with excitement and splashing the water below with impatient heels.

"Comin'," he answers. "Shure, Mona, what is it? Is the cow after dyin'? Or the pigs stole? Tell it, colleen."

"The cow!" she says, her eyes dancing; "oh, Gerald, it's me feet I can't kape sthill long enough to spake wid me tongue. The dance we're goin' to have in the new barn to-morrow night; ye didn't know that now? I have come jist to tell ye uv it."

"And is that all?" says Gerald, as he rests his oars and looks at her surprised. "An' I thought, Mona, ye had a thing to tell and afeard the news. A big bite I lost, too, for whin ye called so fast I didn't bide to finish."

"Well, ain't ye glad now, Gerald, for me to tell you?"

"Faith an' I knew that same already. It was no news to me, Mona."

Mona's red lip pouted.

"Go back thin, Gerald, to your fishin'; 'tis not for me to bother ye."

Gerald surveyed her with an odd expression on his face.

"Look, Mona," he said, drawing a little bundle from the pocket of his corduroy tousers. "See what I am goin' to ask the purtiest gurrl in Kilgarnock to wear to-morrow night." And he carefully unrolled a wide pink silk handkerchief and held it up for Mona's inspection. The little maid clasped her hands in admiration. She had nothing like it and never doubted that it was intended for her.

"'Tis beautiful, shure, Gerald."

He craned his neck around to one side to behold the kerchief from her point of view.

"Yes," he said calmly, and then folded it up very carefully in its tissue wrappings and put the bundle back into his pocket.

"Good-by, Mona," he called, bending over his oars again.

She did not answer, but stared rather blankly at the little boat till it disappeared.

"Indade, thin, I don't care if it's not for me. I wouldn't have it," shaking her head and speaking emphatically, "I wouldn't have it at all, at all."

She climbed off her perch a little more slowly than she had mounted it, and began to sing a gay little carol. A bird in the tree caught the notes and burst into responsive song. Mona ceased suddenly.

"Oh, hush, ye bird!" she cried, impatience in her voice, and then as she turned to go deliberately pushed a helpless little frog into the water.

When the next evening came the barn was full of life and laughter. As Mona with her uncle and aunt entered the little yard gate the plank-plinkety-plank of the violins came floating out to them, mingled with the shuffling of many feet.

"Oh, make haste!" she whispered to herself, and could not keep her feet in the sober pace that suited her aunt's calm step. The lanterns hung down from the doorway and windows, wide flags floated from the roof and streamers and folds of bunting swept across the walls and ceiling inside.

Mona had spent an hour about the adornment of her small person, but she need not have lingered. There were many feet bare besides her own, many other dresses old besides hers. Around her neck was a string of yellow beads, and a yellow sash of Aileen's around her waist.

They pushed their way to a seat, and Aunt Mollie fanned herself vigorously. Mona gazed around with interest. There was Mollie Stewart, and there was Maggie Tully and Annie Kavanagh. All these girls, as well as the lads, were on hand, but where was Aileen? She had said she was coming. Mona looked in one direction and then another, and at last there sat Aileen close to a window, and near by stood Gerald, gazing at her. Mona turned a little pale. She did not see Patsy and Barney and Farron edging up to her; she never even thought of any of them. In her eagerness to make no mistake she stood up on tiptoe to see the better. Yes, it was Aileen, and now Gerald was leading her out to dance. The pink silk kerchief was round her neck. Something seemed to shoot across Mona's eyes with a blinding pain. When Barney begged her to dance she answered a little sharply, and he went away again.

"It is too warm here, aunt, just now," she said to Mrs. Kelly.

"Go stand in the cool a while, child," said her aunt. "There's Aileen comin' over here; bide a bit."

But Mona was gone. Not under the trees did she stop, not by the little gate. Swiftly she passed out the side way, over the dusty road and into her own yard. Here she paused a moment, and catching her breath with something that sounded like a sob passed around the tiny thatched hut, and so over the stile to the river. Down on her face upon the grass she threw herself, careless of the yellow sash of which she had been so proud; the yellow beads burst their string and some rolled down the bank into the river. She lay very still and quiet, so quiet that a nightingale gave her no heed and began to sing. A whippoorwill called on the opposite bank, and far off in the woods came the answer of his mate. The gleaming moon rolled slowly into view and silvered each branch and blossom.

The birds sang on, but Mona heard them not. She was thinking—one hand on the heart that beat so fast, the other arm pillowing her head. She did not try to analyze her feelings; she would not have known how. There was a dull ache in her breast, and memory was torturing her.

"Holy mother," she began, whispering, and could get no further.

"She will not help me now; I am too bad, too bad at all."

She thought how unkindly she had always treated Gerald; she had laughed then to herself.

"Och, wirra, wirra," she ejaculated. And now Aileen had taken him; it was Aileen's fault, not Gerald's: how could she do it, how could she?

And wear his kerchief—the prettiest girl in Kilgarnock—those were his words, and now she knew what he had meant. Oh, why had not Aileen staid away! And now Gerald was gone from her entirely.

Slowly she made up her mind that she would be brave: no one, not Aileen nor Gerald, should ever know the truth. Gerald should never know she was sorry now, and so he would be happy. She murmured him a farewell in soft Irish words, "Gerald, anoon ma Gerald."

The slow tears trickled down her cheeks and gleamed upon the grass like diamonds. The moonlight lay over the prostrate figure in broken patches. Gently the breeze lifted and let fall again each dark ring of silky hair curling over her head and down to the white neck that shone all the whiter.

The moon reached the middle of her jeweled course. The nightingale sang, all unconscious of the silent grief beneath him. The lashes lay over her flushed cheek like a dark shadow; in very weariness and worn out with her misery she had fallen asleep.

The bird at last hushed his sweet treble and flew away. He had heard a hasty step over the grass. But Mona heard not, saw not. Somebody came down to the river bank almost on a run, and stopped short at sight of the little figure lying there so motionless. He knelt down beside her. With a quick eye Gerald noted the tear stained cheek, the parted lips, whence came a long drawn sobbing breath.

Without a word he gathered her up in his arms, asleep as she was, but Mona stirred and then started from him wide awake.

"I—you—oh, Gerald!"

"They are all ahunt for ye," he answered. "Ye have scared the heart 'av me. An' why did ye come down here?"

"Don't," she whispered, trying to remember her resolution. "I will go back now." She stood up and then swayed a little, dizzily.

"Mona, mavourneen!" said Gerald, holding her close.

She struggled to release herself, and stood back from him pitifully defiant.

"Ye shall not touch me!" she cried. "Go back to Aileen; go back to her and spake your words. Tell her that same mavourneen story; she will believe ye. Let me pass; I can go home; I'll not need"— but the proud curve of the lips weakened, and the eyes commenced to brim with tears. She turned away her head and tried to spring past him. Gerald stood motionless at first, looking at her in surprise, and then he caught her by the arm.

"Mona, stop a bit," he said, almost sternly. "What is this come to ye? What av Aileen to me? Are ye dhramin', child?"

"Let me go," she whispered; "let me go."

"No, I'll not let you go. Spake to me, Mona. What is it? Nay, ye cannot go. Tell it to me!"

She faced him then, and her eyes flashed through the tears.

"An' ye would talk to me, would ye? An' ye would wait for me to market; an' ye would sing to me under the thatch at night; an' ye would tell me ye love me! Och, it is not thrue at all, at all. Ye know I am speakin' but the truth, an' ye will make me say it. Ah, but the heart av ye is black. Aileen is there dancin' to-night; Aileen is there waitin' for ye with your kerchief round her neck—the pink kerchief ye showed me and said 'twas for the purtiest gurrl in Kilgarnock: go to her, go!"

The little figure was quivering with wrath and emotion; then she remembered all at once that she had broken her promise to herself, but having broken it she was not going to yield an inch.

"Shure, 'tis not that I care for ye; 'tis the base desate I hate. Let me pass now, if ye plase!"

"An' I don't plase, Mona," he said. "Is that all? Now ye shall listen to me. Ye would never hear to me afore, Mona; 'tis not my fault. I do love ye, an' ye wrong me when ye say no. Shure, mavourneen, I love the very ground ye walk on, and the sound of your voice is a music to meself. The kerchief—aroon, are ye angered with the poor, pretty thing? See, I have it yet for the purtiest and smartest gurrl in Kilgarnock. An' won't ye wear it now? I knew not even did Aileen wear one, an' 'twas not mine she had on her neck. Aye, bide your head; 'tis here on my heart is the right place for it. No tears, Mona; Mona, mavourneen; 'tis all right now. An' won't ye wear the poor kerchief, colleen?"

He drew it around her neck, and held the ends close up under her chin. Presently she looked at him, shyly, from under lowered happy lashes.

"Ah, Gerald, 'tis too beautiful for me!"—George Wilson Prescott in Times-Democrat.

A Pig with a Human Head.

Charles A. Clark, an undertaker and embalmer, has in his establishment the remains of a young pig, which is one of the greatest freaks of nature ever seen in Jacksonville, Fla. It is the property of E. A. Lindsey, of Springfield, and is one of a litter of eleven pigs. Ten of these pigs are perfectly formed and are thriving, but the one in question was born dead.

It is about twice the size of the other pigs of the same litter, and is perfectly hairless, except for a small patch of whiskers on the chin. The head of this freak is human shaped. The ears are set on the side of the head like those of a human being, but are larger and shaped like an elephant's ear. The chin, mouth and cheeks are human shaped, while the teeth are like a shark's. It has no nose, but instead a perfectly shaped trunk extends from the base of the forehead just where the root of the nasal organ should be.

Immediately under the root of the trunk is situated one large egg shaped eye, with two large, round pupils (one at each end of the eye), which peeps out from under and on either side of the trunk. Each pupil or eye is shaded by white eyebrows, which very much resemble the velvety brows of an infant. The trunk is nearly four inches in length and is perfectly pliable. The hoofs of the feet are goat shaped and turn up at the points like those of a mountain goat. Taken as a whole it is the most hideous looking object ever seen in Jacksonville.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Act of Breathing.

In each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air. A healthy man respires 16 to 20 times a minute, or 20,000 times a day; a child 25 or 35 times a minute. While standing the adult respiration is 22 times per minute; while lying down, 13. The superficial surface of the lungs, i. e., of their alveolar space, is 200 square yards. The amount of air respired every 24 hours is about 10,000 quarts. The amount of oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is 500 litres (about 744 grams). The amount of carbonic acid expired in the same time is 400 litres (911.5 grams).

Two-thirds of the oxygen absorbed in 24 hours is absorbed during the night hours, from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m.; three-fifths of the total is thrown off during the day. The pulmonary surface gives off 150 grams of water daily in the state of vapor. An adult must have at least 360 litres of air in an hour. The heart sends 800 quarts of blood through the lungs every hour, or about 5,000 daily. The duration of inspiration is five-twelfths of expiration, seven-twelfths of the whole respiratory act. During sleep inspiration occupies ten-twelfths of the respiratory period.—St. Louis Republic.

Oddities of Great Men.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman of whom we knew something felt secure against the cramp when he placed his shoes on going to bed so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way he was liable to the cramp. Dr. Johnson used always, in going up Bolt court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement: if he failed he felt certain the day would be unlucky.

Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reiseg, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schybel lectured at the age of 72 extempore in Latin, with his snuff box constantly at hand; without it he could not get on.—New York Ledger.

The Modern Match.

Husband (getting ready to light the gas)—My dear, I wish you would remove all newspapers and other combustible material to the next room. Then send for several pails of water and have them handy.

Wife—Why, what for?

Husband—I am going to strike a match. Of course it will break, and there is never any telling where the burning end will land.—Good News.

EATING LIVE FROGS.

The Queer Appetite That Enables a Hermit to Make a Living.

Attorney George C. Ingham, who has returned from a trip to the White mountains, tells a strange story of what he saw while on a "tramp" in that celebrated part of New England.

Mr. Ingham spent two months in the mountains, and returns with a lasting impression of the beauties of the country and the simple life of the New Englanders he met. Most of the time of course he stopped at the hotels for which the White mountains have become famous; but the monotony of hotel life was broken by frequent pedestrian tours to various points of interest. It was upon one of these excursions that the lawyer saw a sight that made his hair stand on end with amazement and his face grow pale with horror. He and a small party, this particular day, tramped to the Crawford notch, a distance of perhaps ten miles. The rest of the story is best told in the words of the attorney, as he related it to a party of friends the other day.

"Well, we were about to start on the return trip," said he, "when somebody suggested that we go to see the hermit. I had never seen a real live hermit, and, being curious, I agreed to go. The old man's hut was a little out of the ordinary pathway, but I have learned since that he receives many visits from the people at the hotels, and as my story will show, makes a good deal of money out of them, though what he does with his cash I could not for the life of me discover.

"We found the old fellow sitting in front of the hut, and after looking at him for awhile I asked him how he managed to live up there all alone, and how he earned his daily bread.

"'Eatin' frogs,' was the astonishing reply.

"I began to think the old fellow was quite a humorist, when one of the party told me that the hermit spoke the truth. I asked how much he charged to eat a frog, and he replied:

"'One dollar, sir.'

"I could hardly believe my ears, but what was my amazement when, after one of the party had produced a silver dollar, the hermit began to fish in a tub with a wire covering over it for a frog. Finally he got a big fellow, and holding him wiggling and twisting before our eyes suddenly tossed the slippery thing down his throat. Ugh, what a sight! We talked a little while longer to the hermit, and then gave him another dollar, and another frog went down the straight and narrow lane; and then another and another, until six frogs had been disposed of, and the old man said he had enough for one meal. Think of it, swallowing live frogs at $1 a head!

"This little affair interested me, and I made some inquiry about the queer little old man, whose hair and beard were as white as snow, and who must have seen pretty near seventy summers. I found that he was in his youth a sailor. About fifteen years ago he was shipwrecked, and lived for several years on an uninhabited island, where he had nothing but frogs and berries to eat. He was finally rescued and made his home in the mountains, where he lived for some time unobserved. But he was later discovered, and his frog eating he turned to the entertainment of pleasure seekers and to the art of money making.—Chicago News.

Do You Act This Way?

Did you ever notice how some men will walk up and down the floor when they are trying to convey the impression that their brain is on the rampage? They strike a line across the floor from corner to corner, pull a lock of hair over the forehead, jam their hands into their pockets and commence their march and their talk if there is any one to listen. I knew a man who expressed great joy, great sorrow, great rage and great everything in this manner. I was duly impressed with this magnitude of his intellect, and bowed in respect, until one day I saw him deprived of this mode of expression or impression.

It happened in this way: This man with the powerful brain was striding up and down in a very small room. There was room for the lock of hair on his forehead, plenty of pocket room for his hands, but that stride interfered with the comfort of two or three others in the room. Finally, in desperation, one of the ladies said: "Oh, Mr. ——, do sit down. You make me nervous." A gentleman said: "Let him walk. It is an evidence of great intellect." The laugh that went up brought intellect to a standstill. He looked surprised, perplexed, his hand went to his brow and then he brightened up and said, "Well, then, I must have a cigarette." He lighted one. It certainly was a most surprising balance for intelligence.—Chicago Herald.

Saw His Shadow in a Fog Bank.

A singular natural phenomenon is reported by Superintendent Lincoln, of the Rumford Falls and Buckfield railroad. One foggy morning he was walking up a hill on the east side of Lake Anasagunticook. As he neared the summit he came into clear atmosphere, and could look upon a sea of vapor as it lay over the lake and valleys, with now and then a mountain top rising above the general level. The sun was just rising and, as is usual under such conditions, a rainbow was seen in the fog.

But what attracted Mr. Lincoln's attention particularly was the presence of a bright spot in the center of the circle particularly described by the rainbow. This was so luminous that at first Mr. Lincoln thought it might be farm buildings on fire some distance away in the fog. This supposition was soon dispelled by further developments.

The bright central spot was surrounded by circles of radiating light composed of the many hues of the rainbow, forming a beautiful halo. Passing along Mr. Lincoln noticed a dark spot on the surface of the sun's reflection, and was somewhat startled to discover that it moved across the circle in the direction he was walking. Returning to the point where the shadow came in the center of the illuminated circle he began movements of the arms, and found that they were distinctly imitated by the shadow which appeared in the bank of fog a mile away. As the sun rose higher the reflection sank lower, and was finally lost in the waters of the placid lake.—Canton Telephone.

Trade Judgments of Literature.

The truth is, our ideas of literature are steeped in the colors of our trades. Our interpretations of Shakespeare reflect our daily lives and callings. The merchant measures him as his cotton. The judge tries him in his courts of law. The oration of Mark Antony, for example, is to the clergyman only a funeral discourse over a departed member of his flock; the politician views it merely as a fine example of political artifice; the rhetorician delights in the richness of its figures; the logician scans its conclusion in the light of its premises; the historian notes it as marking an epoch in the annals of Rome, and the actor, not to say it profanely, beholds it as a rack on which to hang his effects of attitude and gesture. We thus read Shakespeare in the light of our vocations. We cannot get away from the mental habits of our trade or our profession. Much harder still is it to break away from the spirit of the age in which we live. Involuntarily we invest other ages with the customs of our own.—James E. Murdoch in Forum.

Food of Pie and Milk.

A medium sized, stout, dark complexioned man, neatly attired and evidently a foreigner, appears regularly every evening at an eating house at Washington, and as regularly asks the waiter who serves him, "What kind of pie have you got today?" The waiter names the different kinds of pie, including peach, lemon, cranberry, apple and custard. The customer requests the waiter to bring a piece of the pie first mentioned and also a glass of buttermilk. As soon as he has devoured this course he calls for another piece of pie of a different kind and a glass of buttermilk. He then continues to order pie until he has finally eaten five pieces of pie of different kinds and drunk five glassfuls of buttermilk. The waiter who always attends this pie eater says that he has been patronizing the house for some time, and that he has never changed his order, but always eats this strange combination of food.—Washington Letter.

Infant Foods.

At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science Dr. Frederick Hoffman spoke about the food preparations now so largely used for infants and children as substitutes for mother's milk and other food. According to reliable estimates the quantity of such artificial food annually consumed in the United States amounts in money value from about $8,000,000 to $10,000,000. The problem of artificial food for the rising generation, and particularly during the first period of its struggle for life and survival, is a very important one, not only to the state, the commonwealth and the family, but also to the sanitarian and the chemist. These artificial foods mostly claim to be perfect; a few have been analyzed by independent chemists, often with questionable accuracy or results, while many are of unknown composition.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The longest American railroad tunnel is the Hoosac tunnel on the Fitchburg railroad, four and three-quarter miles; the St. Gothard tunnel in Europe is nine miles long.

ANOTHER POCAHONTAS.

AN ALASKAN VERSION OF THE JOHN SMITH ROMANCE.

Ah Wing, a Chinese Cook, Is Cast Away, Rescued by Indians, and Is Being Fattened for the Pot, When an Indian Maiden Saves His Life.

Pocahontas has been outdone by an Alaskan maiden. John Smith was only in danger of having his brains spattered over the surrounding real estate when Pocahontas rescued him with her love. The John Smith of Alaska was not only in danger of being killed, but of being eaten, when the woman in whose eyes he found favor saved him.

The Alaskan John Smith was not a titled explorer when he fell into the hands of the savages, nor was his name John Smith. He was only a common, yellow skinned sea cook. His name is Ah Wing, and there is nothing attractive about him. He is about as homely a mixture of Chinaman and Malay pirate as could be found in a day's walk. His Pocahontas answers to the name of Julie just now, but nobody knows what her Indian name was. She is a long way of being Pocahontas' equal in beauty, and the Siwash features of generations were consolidated when her face was made. Still the romance is there.

Ah Wing and Julie, now Mrs. Ah Wing, arrived here on a codfish schooner several months since, but have not gone into society yet. They reside on Ross alley, in Chinatown, and submitted to an interview. They only submitted to it, they did not take part in it, and when it came to securing the story of their love the reporter was obliged to obtain his information from a third party, to whom Wing had confided it in explanation of his off color bride.

SAVED BY JULIE.

Ah Wing some nine years ago was a cook in the employ of the navy department, and was shipped north on the Jamestown. While on the Sitka station Wing's time expired or he deserted—just which is not quite plain—and shipped aboard a whaler. The whaler was wrecked and Wing was cast upon an inhospitable ice floe. Julie was the daughter of a chief of a tribe of Indians, and while hunting with her father discovered Ah Wing, who was as near dead from starvation, cold and exposure as it was possible for him to be and retain life. For days and days Julie nursed him, and he finally recovered to find himself the object of a great deal of attention on the part of the Indians. They could speak no Chinese or English, and Wing had no comprehension of their dialect. He was at a loss to understand the solicitude with which they fed him, and the interest they took in watching the accumulation of fat on his ribs. At last the horrid truth dawned upon him—at least so he says. They were going to barbecue and eat him.

He attempted to escape, but was captured and returned to the village and put under guard. The fatal day arrived. Wing was informed by pantomime that an incision would be made in his neck and his life fluid allowed to escape into a soapstone basin. He gave all up for lost, when he was inspired by the sight of Julie in tears. He made love to her. She comprehended and went to ask papa. The old chief was fond of his daughter and could refuse her nothing. He issued an edict against baking Wing. The remainder of the village protested, and the chief was obliged to state why he desired the stranger's life preserved. The objectors gave in, and Wing and Julie were married in Indian style.

Wing lived with the tribe for some time, but never became very popular. He was not much of a hunter, and preferred to lie around the house, sewing with the women, to chasing polar bears, walruses, seals and the like.

Finally he had a chance to escape. A boat's crew came in from a schooner to trade for skins. Their cook was dead, and Wing begged them to take him away with them. Wing's father-in-law gave him leave of absence for three months and sent Julie along with him to insure his return.

MIXING THREE LANGUAGES.

They sailed away, and after much marine wandering and transferring from one vessel to another, arrived in San Francisco. Wing had a taste for the needle and secured a job at tailoring. The faithful Julie proved an adept and shares Wing's labors. They still find some difficulty in conversing. Wing knows a few words of English and a few of Indian. Julie knows a few of English and a few of Chinese.

When their discussion becomes animated they resort to all three languages at once, and the talk is very exciting. There is a little Wing now, and he is learning all three languages.

Their home is on the top floor of a Ross alley tenement, where Julie is rapidly being converted into a Chinawoman by her fellow lodgers. She is quiet at all times, and is presumably mourning for the freedom of her native snow fields. She does not go out, because the noise and the bustle of the streets frightens her. Wing's leave of absence has long since expired, but in the confines of civilization he has become the master, and has no intention of returning to the land of his wife's people.

The story has been pretty well authenticated, with the exception of the intention of the Indians to eat Wing after killing him. His own countrymen do not believe this part of his story, but Wing adheres to it stoutly, and the strongest tie between him and his wife is his gratitude to her for saving him from such a fate.

Voyagers to the far north state that they have heard of cannibalism among the Indians, but it has always been attributed to isolated instances of starvation's necessity, and not habit.—San Francisco Examiner.

Judge J. P. Smith, of Fort Worth, Tex., whose wealth is now estimated at $1,000,000, once walked from Kentucky to Texas because he did not have money enough to pay his passage.

By All Odds

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the **stomach, liver,** and **bowels,** these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best **family** medicine, Ayer's Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of **travelers, soldiers, sailors, campers,** and **pioneers.** In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed,

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"In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

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I have ever used for headaches, and they act like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating."—Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, Pullens, Va.

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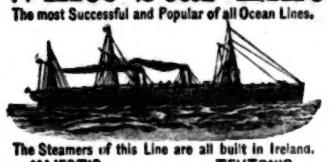

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEnaney, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrige, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash av and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 893 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denllanler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuser, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 4002 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenbach, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 3d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Beita, F S; Val Schmittechmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—O A Hawley, C R, 250 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Eblebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J G Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 19th and Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Ftaney, C R; J J Jamison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 96 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 449 51st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2916 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V-P; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec, 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Halsted-st, Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 632 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E. O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 250 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin.Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergrast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 18—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresbahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3631 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenn, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Dobeny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 287 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3202 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Deshiel sts.

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J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

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Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

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P. M. Lunday, 328 Union av, St. Pueblo.

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MR. WILSON'S TWO COLUMNS.

Frightful Railroad Accident, and a Shadowy Form Brings the News.

"Mr. Wilson, how soon can you get ready to start for H——, Illinois?"

"In an hour, sir."

This conversation took place in the office of The New York Chronicle one morning as the men on the staff came to receive their assignments. If the city editor had asked Wilson how soon he could get ready to start for Alaska he would have received precisely the same reply.

Edward Wilson hurried off to his rooms, and hastily packing a few necessaries in a valise reported back at the office in exactly an hour.

"He was a paragon of a reporter," you will say, "this Wilson." But he was merely an ordinary city staff reporter, who, like thousands of others on the big dailies of America, stand ready at an hour's notice to start for any part of the world.

"This Illinois story will bring two columns, even if I'm recalled immediately," he mused, as he rattled up to the Grand Central station in a hansom; "two columns will bring my bank account up to $100, and $100 will bring the wife and little one to New York." Wilson thought with delight how happy they would be in his comfortable little Lexington avenue flat. It was a pleasant little day dream.

In fifteen minutes the Buffalo express, bearing the newspaper man to his destination, rushed snorting out of the Harlem tunnel like another earth bound Thor rejoicing at his freedom. Past the end of Manhattan Island, past Riverdale, Yonkers and all the lovely northern suburbs of the city, along the rolling Hudson, past the muddy Mohawk, then as night fell screaming past the little hamlets sleeping under the hills of central New York, and on, on, on, to the great lakes.

There was nothing in the car to interest Wilson, and as the sun sank behind the ripening wheat fields he dozed fitfully, and waking would sleep again, waking and sleeping by fitful starts and wondering what it was that kept him in a vague but all the more fearful terror. Finally he slept, and it was while he dreamed that a terrible accident happened. The trestle bridge over a swollen creek, weakened by the rush of waters, had given way under the advancing train and 900 people were hurled into the creek.

* * * * * *

Three or four men hurriedly furnishing late "copy." A dozing office boy waking every few minutes to glance at the clock and long for 2 o'clock and freedom. The night desks littered with proof slips and "held over copy." No sound but the operator ticking "good night" to his far off brothers and an occasional shout of "Copy!" from the desk.

A tall figure in a caped overcoat and traveling cap enters the room, and silently walking up to the night desk lays some "copy" before the editor. The men in the office bending over their work do not see him pass; but the office boy, brushing his hat, yawns "Good morning, Mr. Wilson," but the form goes straight on.

"Can't use this, Mr. Wilson," says the editor, looking at the clock. "Why, it's 1:50. The paper's going to press. What is it anyway?"

"Yes, by George, we will run it," he continues excitedly. "Jim, stop the presses."

Then to the operator, "Have you an accident on the New York and Buffalo yet?"

"No, sir."

"How did you get it, Wilson?"

But the form had gone.

"My God! listen to this," says the sub-editor. "The accident must have occurred at 1:50 exactly. Among the dead was Edward Wilson, a reporter on The New York Morning Chronicle. What was it then that brought this 'copy' in?"

"I don't know," replied the editor in a hushed voice. "Send the story up just as it is. It runs exactly two columns."
—New York Tribune.

The Futility of Uniform Divorce Laws.

The cry has been for several years for United States interference in divorce legislation by means of uniform marriage laws throughout the country, the assumption being that people troop back and forth from one state to another and get divorces for causes which would not be sufficient in their own states. But all this has been effectually disposed of by the recent masterly report of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor. He has shown that more than 80 per cent. of all divorces are procured in the states in which the couples were married. As regards the remaining 20 per cent. the parties, in very many instances, had immigrated to other states after marriage and become bonafide residents, with no thought of divorce. So that the number of those proved to have gone to other states for the purpose of securing divorces is probably much less than 10 per cent. of the whole. It is apparent then that uniform laws can no longer be looked upon as a panacea.—Rev. M. J. Savage in Forum.

Eagles in Massachusetts.

The American eagle is still a resident of Cheshire. A fine specimen is often seen sitting on a stump in the reservoir, waiting for fish. It is probable that the family home is somewhere on the cliffs of the rocky hill west of the reservoir. So frequent are the visits of these birds to the reservoir that regular travelers on the trains watch for them, and feel a disappointment if the white head and noble form of the American bird is not seen on some stump.—Pittsfield (Mass.) Eagle.

The rolling of cold steel wire is now accomplished with ease, and instead of the wire becoming weakened by the process practical tests have demonstrated that its tensile strength is nearly doubled. In other words, the tensile strength of hot drawn steel wire is 56,460 pounds to the square inch, while that of cold rolled steel wire is 105,800 pounds.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. September Term, A. D 1890 George M. Larimer vs. Ada P. Larimer. In Chancery. No 84,369.
Notice is hereby given to the said Ada P. Larimer that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, as is by law required and which suit is still pending.
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